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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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OUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908. VOL. LXXIII, NO. 35.

The Old Love Song.

t slowly, sing it lowly,
familiar tune!
it ran in dance and dimple,
a brook in June;
it sobs along the measures
h a sound of tears;
old voices echo through it,
lished with the years.

t slowly—it is holy
an evening hymn;
ing gladness hushed to sadness
s it to the brim.
ories home within the music,
ling through the bars,
ghts within its quiet spaces
e and set like stars.

e, Ripple, goes the love-song
in slowing time,
sweetness grown completeness
ods its every rhyme;
together learn the music
and death unfold,
that love is but beginning
ll love is old.

g, singing through the roses
t our lovers twain—
there ever such a rose time,
ld there be again?
they tell us "Five-and-twenty
es we've seen them blow;
June's completer, sweeter—
ll we lovers know!"
—William Channing Gannett.

ERS FROM FAR NORTH

From Alaska—Demand Ice Cream and Melons.

from the candle-lit clefts of claims in the Tanana and Nazina s, from Gold Bar creek in the ke, and from the thousands of on winter diggings in the Nome , dug out by hand and cleaned the end of the sluice boxes in the old-fashioned "sour dough" way, t been brought to Seattle this but is coming by the $50,000 ful when the first steamships ar- rom Nome.

r vessels arriving from Valdez ring the first dust from the new nds in the upper Copper river y, and by fall it is estimated n $30,000,000 and $40,000,000 will ed to this year's Seattle gold re- from the north.

en years ago, July 17 next, there from the old steamer Portland eattle dock less than a hundred coated, bearded miners from the ke, and in the "outfit" there was han a million dollars in the yel- st. The man with the big poke command of the squad of lucky who came down the Portland's ank and quietly chased away n es to the fashionable down- cafes, to order great thick beef- and all the trimmings.

a little early yet for the big of miners from the north, bring- e gold from the gulches just as ound it," said Jack Burton, of the hotel, Monday night. Burton ar- Monday on the steamship Jeffer- which brought upward of a mil- llars in gold from the north.

had three men aboard that I brought more than $100,000 each. e money was in drafts and cur- The purser's strong box carried old than half a dozen men could and in the mail shipments, under tection of Uncle Sam, there was to pay the salary of John D. feller for a year or more."

time Alaskans say that the day individual miner's poke is about time was, they say, when all d that came out of the Yukon was brought to Seattle in the bags of the miners and sold to melting shops. Then a United assay office was established, and miners found it necessary to up the hill to 9th avenue. But hese improvements over the old- way of handling the golden pro- f the creeks and gulches of Cir- rch and Eldorado were forced to ckground when the miners be- shipping their gold to Seattle ill.

n the first steamers reach here Nome it is expected that the of ice cream and watermelons e boomed considerably. This is statement of old-time "sour s," who assert, backed by evi- that men who have lived all on bacon and beans in the north e hankering for ice cream and melons that nothing else can

to ice cream and watermelons iners demand fresh green vege- young onions preferred and then on perhaps they become learned mysteries of cauliflower au gra- tin and juicy beefsteaks stand top of the list and clam chowder far behind.

he time the men from the glacier- gulches become acclimated they from these enjoyments, carefully he their bank accounts and then ticket on a railroad to visit "the ks at home."

LORDS AND LADIES

the sweet summer days reveal asures of the leafy byways one beds of shining leaves which straight from the ground almost shaped, and among them are leaf-like sheaths, purple spotted e leaves, which protect crimson s surrounded by stamens, which ar by the end of August and leave clusters of reddish orange berries. ves and fruit being known as lords ches.

berries and leaves of this beautiful lant are poisonous, but the tuber pecially prepared, makes a very sago-like food, and there was quite an industry carried on in ad island of preparing the roots ble purposes.

and ladies were familiar plants in Elizabeth's reign, when they were as "starch plants," because starch made from their roots to stiffen which was dusted then the fashiona- ar; so the wayside flowers have al- had their uses as well as their es- ly decorative side, which brightens ge-rows when other blossoms have into the mists of yester year, says Notes.

ecked Ship Lights Town.

r Mechanics.

March the Sesostris, a 4,000- ghter, was feeling her way along ast of Guatemala in a dense fog, suddenly she drove her prow upon ds at the little town of Ocos and there. Despite the aid of three ressels which chanced to come the ship remained hard and fast, the days went by became more re firmly wedged in the soft sand t. The sand gradually piled up on ides so that it was possible to almost around her, and the resi- of the town, grasping the oppor- so unexpectedly dropped in their dist, made request of the captain ng wires from the ship's dynamos ht the place up a bit. This was and for some time the little coffee boasted of its electric lighting The underwriters, however, de- to remove the machinery and sell to the railroad company as a warehouse.

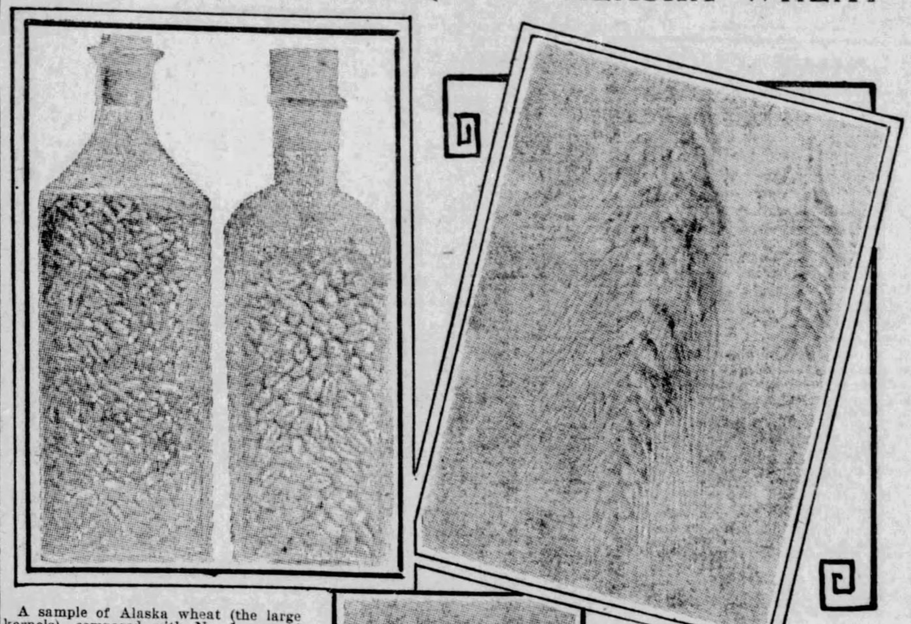
Fine Cost Town $30,000

York World.

aid of Mayor Reitze, of Meadville, as been invoked to save the Mal- Iron company a $30,000 order. M. Hower, an Akron, Ohio, manufac- went to Meadville in his automobile days ago to leave an order with dleable company, but no sooner reached town than he was arrest- not having an automobile license. taken before the magistrate he ed $13. He immediately paid the d then in a huff left town without the order. When the incident be- known a number of business men Mayor Reitze and asked him to the fine, "as $30,000 orders aren't on bushes these days."

mayor at once wrote a letter of to Mr. Hower and sent him a for $13. The Meadville business hoped this would appease him, but ter returned.

A MARVELOUS STORY OF ALASKA WHEAT



A sample of Alaska wheat (the large kernels), compared with No. 1 secured from Minneapolic Chamber of Commerce sample.

Result of a comparative test. Alaska wheat and the famous club wheat, planted the same day in adjoining fields, and samples taken the same hour.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of August 15 printed an astounding story of the production of a new variety of wheat by a farmer in Idaho, Abraham Adams, a native of Kentucky. The Philadelphia North American, seeking corroboration of the Post's story, which was calculated to stagger credulity, telegraphed for further detail. The Blade repeats the story for what it is worth.

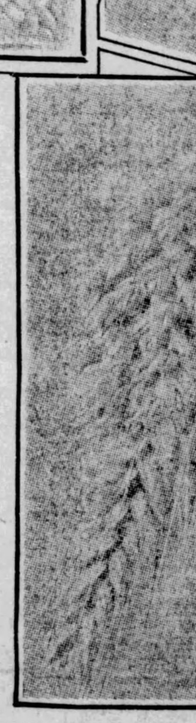
Discovery of the new wheat came about through one of the "accidents" which make the story of the world's progress in every field as interesting as fiction. The Saturday Evening Post's article says the magic kernels were found in Alaska by the Idaho farmer while prospecting for gold. The North American's report says that they were sent from that country by a friend of the farmer. But the important fact is that they have been planted, and the yield harvested and replanted twice, so that the production of 100 to 200 bushels per acre is a proved fact.

Abraham Adams is the farmer. He expects to clear $1,000,000 this year from his 700-acre farm in Juliaetta, Idaho. He estimates his crop at 70,000 to 75,000 bushels, and is selling it for seed at $20 a bushel. His son-in-law, O. K. Hobe, a wholesale lumber dealer of Minneapolis, is interested with him.

Mr. Adams was a lumberman, but six years ago took up farming, and with fair crops of "club" and "blue-stem" wheat made a moderate success. In 1903 he—or a friend of his, according to one report—went to Alaska, lured by the tales of hidden gold. The prospector explored the lonely land for hundreds of miles. Finally he reached a sheltered district near the coast where timber was heavy and the lowlands were covered with lush grasses.

One day while tramping he came across a patch of yellowing green which reminded his queerly of growing wheat. He went closer and found it was wheat. More from curiosity than anything else, he hunted for a head to send home to the "States." Birds had eaten most of the grain, but at last he came across a perfect head and plucked it.

Its size and apparently perfect form amazed him. The head was nearly four inches long and heavily bearded. The kernels numbered three or four times as many as those of ordinary wheat, and each was easily as large as a coffee bean.



Ripened head of Alaska wheat just harvested in Alabama—actual size. Weight 2 3-16 ounces.

It was in the fall of 1904 that Adams planted the big seeds from Alaska in the back yard of his Idaho ranch. The next spring he gathered a sheaf of big heads which yielded seven pounds of grain. Seven pounds of grain from one head sown.

Moreover, the kernels, four times as large as those of the best wheat he had grown hitherto, were firm and cream white. Adams was fairly startled, but he said nothing. He thought it would be a good idea to try the new seed for spring wheat, and in the spring of 1906 he sowed seven pounds of the big kernels.

From those seven pounds he harvested in the autumn 1545 pounds of grain. The ratio of yield—the new wheat being much heavier than the ordinary varieties—was 222 bushels to the acre. Thirty bushels an acre is considered a good crop of "club" or "blue stem."

In the fall of 1906 Adams sowed his 1545 pounds of the new seed alongside of plantings of the ordinary varieties, and gave them the same attention. Unripened heads plucked on the same day showed an astonishing difference. The head of Alaska wheat was nearly five times as large as the other, with proportionately large kernels. From the 1545 pounds of seed Adams harvested 53,000 pounds of grain.

Moreover, he found that the new variety was far stiffer and stronger in the straw than the ordinary kind. A hailstorm which beat down the "club" wheat hardly damaged the Alaska field.

The next step was to discover the economic value of the wheat, and Adams submitted samples to the Idaho experimental station. I. Shirley Jones, the chemist in charge, examined the samples and made this report:

"The kernels from the fall-sown wheat were plump and sound, and doubtless will grade No. 1. Judging from the chemical and physical condition of this sample it will probably take rank with the best grade of 'blue stem' for flour.

"The sample grown from spring-sown wheat showed by chemical analysis a somewhat higher protein content (this being an indication of its probable strength for bread-making purposes).

"I am inclined to think that the wheat that you have here is the equal, if not the superior, of our 'blue stem' for flour-making purposes. I should like to make a mill test whenever you can send me a sufficient quantity for that purpose."

Mr. Adams has also tested his wheat by sending samples to be planted by friends in different parts of the country. In Alabama the seed from a single head was planted last December, and, as in Idaho, the yield was seven pounds.

News of the wonderful new wheat has interested the Department of Agriculture in Washington, and W. M. Jardine, agronomist on dry land cereals, will visit the Adams ranch to inspect the product.

It is difficult to grasp what a yield of 200 bushels of wheat per acre would mean to the country. Such a harvest, if universal, would have made the wheat production of the United States last year 5,000,000,000 bushels. At only 50 cents per bushel this would have added $2,500,000,000 to the wealth of the American farmer.

FISHERMEN BLESS THE SEA

Quaint Custom Is Observed Annually at Ostend.

One of the "attractions" of the fashionable season at Europe's "queen of watering places," Ostend, is the annual ceremony of blessing the sea. Taking place early in July, it forms a fitting overture to the grand performance provided by the European aristocracy that frequents the famous Belgian resort during the succeeding summer months.

The ceremony is one of the many popular manifestations of the Church of Rome, arranged to suit local conditions. After high mass at the principal local church—dignified by the name of cathedral—a procession is formed outside. This procession is composed of the most conglomerate elements; besides the usual choristers and priests there are hundreds of fisherfolk and their children. The organizers appear to gather up every family in the poorer quarters of the town. Then, by way of making them realize their great good fortune, the youngsters are either dressed as some sailor else they are allowed to carry a banner or a candle (at high noon), or to support one of the corners of a portable platform carrying a highly painted and gilded statue of the Virgin or of one of the numerous saints of the sea. A party of fishermen in every-day clothes is perhaps the most original part of the whole cortege except that there are too few of them. After passing through the town the whole parade, with the bishop and other leading clergy at its head, proceeds beachward.

If one has the luck to keep abreast of the head of the procession and to emerge at the sea front with it the sight will not readily be forgotten. On the beach are thousands of people in fashionable toilets and in rough fustian, the count mingling with the sailor, the marchioness with the fishwife. In the offing one sees hundreds of sailing craft and steam yachts. On a bright day and with the whole place beflagged and decorated, the sight is a striking one.

When the clergy reach a platform bearing a communion table, and the procession forms up in an irregular square around it, there is a little service, the central point of which is blessing of the four cardinal points of the compass by the bishop. When this dignitary turns seaward and, spreading out his hands, chants a prayer of thanksgiving, then one of supplication on behalf of all those that go down to the sea in ships. As he ceases the cannon on the opposite side of the harbor—the fog guns that are used as harbor guides in bad weather—thunder forth a confirming reply to the benediction.—Kansas City Star.

Science and Wheat.

September Century.

Science has many aids and suggestions to offer to the future wheat-producer, such as rotation of crops, methods of soil tillage, seed selection, etc., by means of which wheat may be profitably grown in a permanent system of agriculture. The future should bring to us as much, if not more, knowledge of soil fertility than has the past, and such knowledge will eventually become effective in the hands of the producer, and put off the day when population will cease to increase because of insufficient food supplies.

NEW VIEW OF ROOSEVELT

From a letter published in the American Magazine. It was written by a man directly after a visit with the President.

WE DIDN'T get to a discussion of his plans until very late, nearly midnight. For the first time in my experience of meeting him (President Roosevelt) he seemed tired. He said several times: "Well, I'm through now. I've done my work."

His chief idea seemed to be that he wanted to get away—out of the country. "I want to get away so that when the new administration comes in my opinion will not be asked, nor my advice sought. If I talk, people will say that I am interfering where I have no right to interfere. If I refuse to talk, they will say that my silence is disapproval. The best thing I can do is to go entirely away for a year or more—out of reach of everything here; and that is what I am going to do." He said it was the last thing he would care to do: to repeat Grant's adventure. He had had enough of public affairs; he wanted to be alone and quiet.

He said he would like to meet William of Germany if he could do it man to man, but he could not think of attempting the ceremonies incidental to a formal meeting. The thing that attracted him most in Europe was the invitations of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria to go hunting with them. He said he would like to see how they did it in the old countries of Europe, but he felt that he could not do this without attracting too much attention. He had concluded, therefore, to go to the wilds of Africa, a thing he had really long wanted to do, and to hunt big game. He would sail as soon after March 4 as possible, going from here to Italy, there transhipping for the Suez and Italian East Africa. Here he would take the railroad which runs inland and jump from the end of it into the wilderness. His son Kermit will go with him, and, as I gathered, no one else, save, perhaps, a secretary. He said he was looking forward to the recreation of the voyage and to getting acquainted with his son. "All that country beyond Italy," he said, "will be new to us both, and I look for great pleasure in seeing it with a boy's eyes. Kermit will have his book of poetry and I'll have my hunting books. We shall have a great time!"

I have never seen him in a more human mood; nor have I ever been more impressed with his bigness and breadth. Once when he said, "Well, I'm through," I suggested that the people might not be through with him, that four years hence they might be clamoring for him more insistently than they are today.

"No," he said, with a curious finality, a sort of sadness, a note which I never before heard him strike, "revolutions don't go backwards. New issues are coming up. I see them. People are going to discuss economic questions more and more; the tariff, currency, banks. They are hard questions, and I am not deeply interested in them; my problems are moral problems, and my teaching has been plain morality."

He is certainly a very extraordinary character—about the greatest of our time. He has the curious flashes of genius, in which he sees himself truly—more truly than anyone else does. And I believe more than ever before that he put aside a third-term nomination, which he could have had at the turn of his hand, from the highest conception of his moral obligations. I know, from my talk with him last winter, that he was tempted almost to the point of yielding, that the pressure had been tremendous (far more than any ordinary man could have resisted), but that he has asked himself simply, "What is right in this matter?"—and the thing he thought right he has done.

A Little Case of Telepathy.

New York Press.

"There is nothing strange to me in the operation of one mind upon another," the telepathic woman said. "Once when my sister I am very fond of was operated on I went with her and sat in the anteroom a long way off from the operating room. That is, I walked up and down there, worried to death nearly about her, when all at once I threw myself into a big arm chair and went sound asleep.

"They had just given her the ether then, so her mind was at rest and rested mine. I slept until she came out from under the influence."

Is This Why We Are Warmer?

Indianapolis News.

Europe is growing colder, says M. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer. He declares that from actual figures recently obtained he has become certain that the temperature of Europe has been falling. France has been suffering for a long time from an excess of cold weather, the temperature at Paris having been one degree below the normal. Other readings show even less favorable results. The fall is more noticeable in the spring than at other periods of the year. Similar conditions are recorded in England, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER III.

The Unexpected That Always Happened.

Everything depends on the point of view and is rich in varying aspects. A picture is sublime from one corner of the room, a daub from another; a woman's full face may be perfect, her profile a disappointment; above all, what you admire in yourself becomes highly distasteful in your neighbor. The moral is, I suppose, Tolerance; or if not that, something else which has escaped me.

When the duchess said that "it"—by which she meant the whole position of affairs—was "fun," I laughed; on the other hand, Gustave de Berensac, after one astonished stare, walked to the hall door.

"Where is my carriage?" we heard him ask.

"It has started on the way back three minutes ago, sir."

"Fetch it back."

"Sir! The driver will gallop down the hill; he could not be overtaken."

"How fortunate!" said I.

"I do not see," observed Mme. de Saint Maclou, "that it makes all that difference."

She seemed hurt at the serious way in which Gustav took her joke.

"If I had told the truth, you would not have come," she said in justification.

"Not another word is necessary," said I, with a bow.

"Then let us sup," said the duchess, and she took the armchair at the head of the table.

We began to eat and drink, serving ourselves. Presently Gustave entered, stood regarding us for a moment, and then flung himself into the third chair and poured out a glass of wine. The duchess took no notice of him.

"Mlle. de Berensac was called away?" I suggested.

"She was called away," answered the duchess.

"Suddenly?"

"No," said the duchess, her eyes again full of complicated expressions. I laughed. Then she broke into a plaintive cry: "Oh! were you ever dying—dying—dying of weariness?"

Gustave made no reply; the frown on his face persisted.

"Isn't it a pity," I asked, "to wreck a pleasant party for the sake of a fine distinction? The presence of Mlle. de Berensac would have infinitely increased our pleasure; but how would it have diminished our crime?"

"I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Aycon," said the duchess; "then I needn't have asked him at all."

I bowed, but I was content with things as they were. The duchess sat with the air of a child who has been told that she is naughty, but declines to accept the statement. I was puzzled at the stern morality exhibited by my friend Gustave. His next remark threw some light on his feelings.

"Heavens! if it became known, what would be thought?" he demanded suddenly.

"If one thinks what is thought," said the duchess with a shrug, "one is——"

"A fool," said I, "or—a lover!"

"Ah!" cried the duchess, a smile coming on her lips. "If it is that, I'll forgive you, my dear Gustave. Whose good opinion do you fear to lose?"

"I write," said Gustave, with a rhetorical gesture, " to say that I am going to the house of some friends to meet my sister!"

"Oh, you write?" we murmured.

"My sister writes to say she is not there!"

"Oh, she writes?" we murmured again.

"And it is thought——"

"By whom?" asked the duchess.

"By Lady Cynthia Chillingdon," said I.

"That is a trick—a device—a deceit!" continued poor Gustave.

"It was decidedly indiscreet of you to come," said the duchess reprovingly. "How was I to know about Lady Cynthia? If I had known about Lady Cynthia, I would not have asked you; I would have asked Mr. Aycon only. Or perhaps you also, Mr. Aycon——"

"Madame," said I, "I am alone in the world."

"Where has Claire gone to?" asked Gustave.

"Paris," pouted the duchess.

Gustave rose, flinging his napkin on the table.

"I shall follow her tomorrow," he said. "I suppose you'll go back to England, Gilbert?"

If Gustave left us, it was my unhesitating resolve to return to England.

"I suppose I shall," said I.

"I suppose you must," said the duchess ruefully. "Oh, isn't it exasperating? I had planned it all so delightfully!"

"If you had told the truth——" began Gustave.

"I should have had a preacher to supper," said the duchess sharply; then she fell to laughing again.

"Is Mlle. de Berensac irrecoverable?" I suggested.

"Why, yes. She has gone to take her turn of attendance on your rich old aunt, Gustave."

I think that there was a little malice in the duchess' way of saying this.

There seemed nothing more to be done. The duchess herself did not propose to defy conventionality to the extent of inviting me to stay. To do her justice, as soon as the inevitable was put before her, she accepted it with good grace, and, after supper, busied herself in discovering the time and manner in which her guests might pursue their respective journeys. I may be flattering myself, but I thought that she displayed a melancholy satisfaction on discovering that Gustave de Berensac must leave at ten o'clock the next morning, whereas I should be left to kick my heels in idleness at Cherbourg if I set out before five in the afternoon.

"Oh, you can spend the time enroute," said Gustave. "It will be better."

The duchess looked at me; I looked at the duchess.

"My dear Gustave," said I, "you are very considerate. You could not do more if I were also in love with Lady Cynthia."

"Nor," said the duchess, "if I were quite unfit to be spoken to."

"If my remaining till the afternoon will not weary the duchess——" said I.

"The duchess will endure it," said she, with a nod and a smile.

Thus it was settled, a shake of the head conveying Gustave's judgment. And soon after, Mme. de Saint-Maclou bade us good night. Tired with my journey, and (to tell the truth) a little out of humor with my friend, I was not long in seeking my bed. At the top of the stairs a group of three girls were gossiping; one of them handed me a candle and flung open the door of my room with a roguish smile on her broad good-tempered face.

"One of the greatest virtues of women," said I, pausing on the threshold, "is fidelity."

"You won't? It's charming of you. Oh, how dull it will be now! It only wanted the arrival of—— Well, good-by!"

And with a final and long pressure of the duchess' hand, I, in tie garb and personality of George Sampson, dismissed for drunkenness, walked out of the gate of the chateau.

"One thing," I observed to myself as I started, "would seem highly probable—and that is, that this sort of thing has happened before."

The idea did not please me. I like to do things first.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duchess Defines Her Position.

I walked on at a leisurely pace; the heavy carriage was very near the top of the hill. In about three minutes' time we met. There sat alone in the carriage a tall dark man, with a puffy white face, a heavy mustache, and stern cold eyes. He was smoking a cigar. I plucked my hat from my head and made as if to pass by.

"Who's this?" he called out, stopping the carriage.

I began to recite my lesson in stumbling French.

"Why, what are you? Oh, you're English! Then, in heaven's name, speak English—not that gabble." And then he repeated the order. "Speak English," in English, and continued in that language, which he spoke with stiff formal correctness.

He heard my account of myself with unmoved face.

"Have you any writings—any testimonials?" he asked.

"No, my lord," I stammered, addressing him in the style I thought most natural in my assumed character.

"That's a little curious, isn't it? You become intoxicated everywhere, perhaps?"

"I've never been intoxicated in my life, my lord," said I, humbly, but firmly.

"Then you dispute the justice of your dismissal?"

"Yes, my lord." I thought such protest due to my original.

He looked at me closely smoking his cigar the while.

"You made love to the chambermaids?" he asked suddenly.

"No, my lord. One evening, my lord, it was very hot, and—and the wine, my lord——"

"Then you were intoxicated?"

I fumbled with my hat, praying that the fellow would move on.

"What servants are there?" he asked, pointing to the house.

"Four maids, my lord, and old Jean."

Again he meditated; then he said sharply:

"Have you ever waited at table?"

We have all, I suppose, waited at table—in one sense. Perhaps that may save my remark from untruth.

"Now and then, my lord," I answered, wondering what he would be at.

"I have guests arriving tomorrow," he said. "My man comes with them, but the work will perhaps be too much for him. Are you willing to stay and help? I will pay you the same wages."

I could have laughed in his face; but duty seemed to point to seriousness.

"I'm very sorry, my lord——" I began.

"What, have you got another place?"

"No, my lord; not exactly."

"Then get up on the front seat. Or do you want your employers to say you are disobliging as well as drunken?"

"But the lady sent me——"

"You may leave that to me. Come, jump up! Don't keep me waiting!"

Doubtfully I stood in the road, the duke glaring at me with impatient anger. Then he leaned forward and said:

"You are curiously reluctant, sir, to earn your living. I don't understand it. I must make some inquiries about you."

I detected suspicion dawning in his eyes. He was a great man; I did not know what hindrances he might not be able to put in the way of my disappearance. And what would happen if he made his inquiries? Inquiries might mean searching, and I carried a passport in the name of Gilbert Aycon.

Such share had prudence; the rest must be put down to the sudden impulse of amusement which seized me. It was but a day or two! Then I could steal away. Meanwhile what would not the face of the duchess say, when I rode up on the front seat!

"I—I was afraid I should not give satisfaction," I muttered.

"You probably won't," said he. "I take you from necessity, not choice, my friend. Up with you!"

And I got up beside the driver—not, luckily, the one who had brought Gustave de Berensac and myself the day before—and the carriage resumed its slow climb up the hill.

We stoped at the door. I jumped down and assisted my new master.

The door was shut. Nobody was to be seen; evidently we were not expected. The duke smiled sardonically, opened the door and walked in, I just behind. Suzanne was sweeping the floor. With one glance at the duke and myself, she sprang back, with a cry of most genuine surprise.

"Oh, you're mighty surprised, aren't you?" sneered the duke. "Old Jean didn't scuttle away to tell you then? You keep a good watch, young woman. Your mistress' orders, eh?"

Still Suzanne stared—and at me. The duke chuckled.

"Yes, he's back again," said he, "so you must make the best of it, my girl. Where's the duchess?"

"In—in—in her sitting-room, M. le Duc."

"'In—in—in,'" he echoed mockingly. Then he stepped swiftly across the hall and flung the door suddenly open. I believe he thought that he really had surprised the duchess this time, in spite of Jean's slow aged scamper ahead of him.

"Silence for your life!" I had time to whisper to Suzanne; and then I followed him. There might be more "fun" to come.

The duchess was sitting with a book in her hand. I was half-hidden by the duke, and she did not see me. She looked up, smiled, yawned, and held out her hand.

"I hardly expected you, Armand," said she. "I thought you were in Algeria."

Anybody would have been annoyed: there is no doubt that the Duke of Saint-Maclou was very much annoyed.

"You don't seem overjoyed at the surprise," said he gruffly.

"You are always surprising me," she answered, lifting her eyebrows.

Suddenly he turned round, saying, "Sampson!" and then turned to her, adding:

"Here's another old friend for you." And he seized me by the shoulder and pulled me into the room.

The duchess sprang to her feet, crying out in startled tones, "Back?"

I kept my eyes glued to the floor, wondering what would happen next, thinking that it would be, likely enough, a personal conflict with my master.

"Yes, back," said he. "I am sorry, madame, if it is not your pleasure, for it chances to be mine."

His sneer gave the duchess a moment's time. I felt her regarding me, and I looked up cautiously. The duke still stood half a pace in front of me, and the message of my glance sped past him unperceived.

Then came what I had looked for—the gradual dawning of the position on the duchess, and the reflection of that dawning light in those wonderful eyes of hers. She clasped her hands and drew in her breath in a long "Oh!" It spoke utter amusement and delight. What would the duke make of it? He did not know what to make of it, and glared at her in angry bewilderment. Her quick wit saw the blunder she had been betrayed into. She said "Oh!" again, but this time it expressed nothing except a sense of insult and indignation.

"What's that man here for?" she asked.

"Because I have engaged him to assist my household."

"I had dismissed him," she said haughtily.

"I must beg you to postpone the execution of your decree," said he. "I have need of a servant, and I have no time to find another."

"What need is there of another? Is not Lafleur here?" (She was playing her part well now.)

"Lafleur comes tomorrow; but he will not be enough."

"Not enough—for you and me?"

"Our party will be larger tomorrow."

"More surprises?" she asked, sinking back into her chair.

"If it be a surprise that I should invite my friends to my house," he retorted.

"And that you should not consult your wife," she said, with a smile.

He turned to me, bethinking himself, I suppose, that the conversation was not best suited for the ears of the groom.

"Go and join your fellow-servants; and see that you behave yourself this time."

I bowed and was about to withdraw, when the duchess motioned me to stop. For an instant her eyes rested on mine. Then she said, in gentle tones:

"I am glad, Sampson, that the duke thinks it safe to give you an opportunity of retrieving your character."

"That for his character!" said the duke, snapping his fingers. "I want him to help when Mme. and Mlle. Delhasse are here."

On the words the duchess went red in the face, and then white, and sprang up, declaring aloud in resolute, angry tones, that witnessed the depth of her feelings in the matter:

"I will not receive Mlle. Delhasse!"

I was glad I had not missed that: it was a new aspect of my little friend the duchess. Alas, my pleasure was short-lived! for the duke, his face full of passion, pointed to the door, saying "Go!" and, cursing his regard for the dignity of the family, I went.

In the hall, I paused. At first I saw nobody. Presently a rosy, beaming face peered at me over the baluster half way up the stairs, and Suzanne stole cautiously down, her finger on her lips.

"But what does it mean, sir?" she whispered.

"It means," said I, that the duke takes me for the dismissed groom—and has re-engaged me."

"And you've come?" she cried softly, clasping her hands in amazement.

"Doesn't it appear so?"

"And you're going to stay, sir?"

"Ah, that's another matter. But—for the moment, yes."

"As a servant?"

"Why not—in such good company?"

"Does madame know?"

"Yes, she knows. Suzanne. Come, show me the way to my quarters; and no more 'sir' just now."

We were standing by the stairs. I looked up and saw the other girls clustered on the landing above us.

"Go and tell them," I said. "Warn them to show no surprise. Then come back and show me the way."

Suzanne, her mirth half startled out of her, but yet asserting its existence in dimples round her mouth, went on her errand. I leaned against the lowest baluster and waited.

Suddenly the door of the duchess' room was flung open and she came out. She stood for an instant on the threshold. She turned toward the interior of the room and she stamped her foot on the parqueted floor.

"No—no—no!" she said passionately, and flung the door close behind her, to the accompaniment of a harsh, scornful laugh.

Involuntarily I sprang forward to meet her. But she was better on her guard than I.

"Not now," she whispered, "but I must see you soon—this evening—after dinner. Suzanne will arrange it. You must help me, Mr. Aycon; I'm in trouble."

"With all my power!" I whispered, and with a glance of thanks she sped upstairs. I saw her stop and speak to the group of girls, talking to them in an eager whisper. Then, followed by two of them, she pursued her way upstairs.

Suzanne came down and approached me, saying simply, "Come," and led the way toward the servants' quarters. I followed her, smiling; I was about to make acquaintance with a new side of life.

Yet at the same time I was wondering who Mlle. Delhasse might chance to be; the name seemed familiar to me, and yet for the moment I could not trace it. And then I slapped my thigh in the impulse of my discovery.

"By Jove, Marie Delhasse, the singer!" cried I, in English.

"Sir, sir, for heaven's sake be quiet!" whispered Suzanne.

"You are perfectly right," said I, with a nod of approbation.

"And this is the pantry," said Suzanne, for all the world as though nothing had happened. "And in that cupboard you will find Sampson's livery."

"Is it a pretty one?" I asked.

"You, sir, will look well in it," said she, with that delicate evasive flattery that I love. "Would not you, sir, look well in anything?" she means.

And while I changed my traveling suit for the livery I remembered more about Marie Delhasse, and among other things, that the duke of Saint-Maclou was rumored to be her most persistent admirer. Some said that she favored him; others denied it with more or less conviction and indignation. But, whatever might chance to be the truth about that, it was plain that the duchess had something to say for herself when she declined to receive the lady. Her refusal was no idle freak, but a fixed determination, to which she would probably adhere. And, in fact, adhere to it she did, even under some considerable change of circumstance.

To Be Continued.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER XXXV.

The Princess Is Missing.

They found the king's yacht still at anchor off Staten Island, with the Sea Gull lying-to within speaking distance.

"I've searched her again." Miller told Van Tasel, "and I'm ready to take oath that the young lady is not aboard her. As to your king, I can't say, for I haven't the honor of his acquaintance. Royalty is somewhat out of my line. I must confess that if this is really the yacht of a king, his minions have little spirit. They laid down like a lot of scared dogs."

"Why shouldn't they?" growled Van

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Tasel, "when they've disposed of their quarry? They don't fancy having the Ibex sunk, and there's no reason why they shouldn't submit to the search."

To make sure, Van Tasel went through the Ibex himself, taking a strong guard to provide against surprises. The captain of the foreign yacht was polite, though he spoke English poorly. He received Van Tasel with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes.

"Come, come!" said Van Tasel, sharply, "where did you land his majesty and the Princess Lucretia? Don't think that I was born yesterday. Tell me what you did with them, or, by heaven, I'll sink your accursed craft to the bottom!"

The captain looked grieved, and replied with much concern that he didn't know what Van Tasel was talking about. The Ibex, he insisted, was the property of a Luxembrant gentleman of leisure, traveling for pleasure. What could he know of the king?

Van Tasel had no time to argue with so palpable a liar. If he hoped to save the princess, the moments were precious.

She was gone. Where? was the burning question. Somewhere in New York, beyond doubt, she and the king were secluded, but how was he to find them? The king had the royal treasury of Luxembrant at his command, and many confederates. He might keep Lucretia hidden indefinitely, until other means of getting her to Middeldam could be provided. He would not attempt to take her aboard the Ibex again; Van Tasel was sure of that. Leander had proved himself a master of strategy, and he could well afford to abandon the Ibex. He would take no chances. Too much was at stake.

Van Tasel's heart sank as he thought of Lucretia in such a dilemma. Next time he would know better how to deal with a king. He was forced to confess that when it came to being a strategist, an American was not in the same class with royalty, born and bred to the game.

However, the princess was undoubtedly in New York, and hope was by no means lead. Van Tasel swore that he would find her.

"If the Ibex stirs from her anchorage," he said to the captains of the Hell Diver and Sea Gull, "fill her full of holes. And mind you, keep a sharp watch that no one goes aboard her from the shore, or leaves her."

Van Tasel and Fosdick were set ashore at the South Ferries by a boat from the Hell Diver.

It was still night; the city had not begun to awake. Van Tasel and Fosdick took a subway train uptown.

"Ah, Ben!" said Van Tasel, gloomily "how hopeless a thing love can be: If I save Lucretia, it will be only to lose her again. If I find her I shall have to give her up, and plunge myself in despair deeper than that which engulfs me now. Would to heaven, Ben, I had never met her! It was indeed a gamble with fate when I went blindly to The Castle of Gloom."

"Cheer up!" said Fosdick. "For the present, at least, you have enough to keep you from despair, and who knows what the future may bring? I have not paid that wager yet."

"You are right," returned Van Tasel, more cheerfully. "I should not give way now. Ben, I shall find Lucretia, God helping me! After that, I care not what happens."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Van Tasel Has Dreams.

Resolutions are easy to make, but when it really came to finding Lucretia, that was a different proposition. New York is big. There are thousands of places in it where a princess could be hidden, even from the police, had Van Tasel thought wise to call them in.

"The police are well enough in a way," he said to Fosdick, the next night, as they sat together in Van Tasel's apartments, "but it would be folly to have them blundering after Lucretia, sounding their warning far in advance."

Nevertheless, while Van Tasel eschewed the public police, he had set the whole private detective force of New York at work. He posted an army of secret agents along the water front to watch every craft that should leave New York. He had men on every street, on the lookout. He set his spies at work in all the parts of New York where by any chance word might come of the fugitives.

And yet, when darkness fell over the city, only one meagre piece of news had been obtained. The king and the princess, accompanied by two or three guards, had landed from the Ibex near Liberty street, had come in a motor cab as far as Park Row, and had there been lost track of. All efforts to find the conveyance had failed. The king, no doubt, had paid well for silence.

There are times, however, when Providence, working silently, will accomplish more in a twinkling than all the efforts of men. Van Tasel remarked as much to Fosdick.

"If we find her at all, Ben, it will be through the pity of heaven."

Fatigue and loss of sleep had reduced Van Tasel to a deplorable state. He had not closed his eyes for two days and nights, but still he swore that he would not sleep until the princess was safe.

"I shall rest here for an hour," he said, "but sleep, Ben, is as utterly impossible as to sprout wings. With you it is different. Spread yourself on that couch. Should I be gone when you've had your nap out, James will know where to find me."

Van Tasel had sent for his valet during the day, and James had disembarked from the Sea Gull, very much mystified. He had been asleep on the yacht when the most exciting events of the night had occurred, and the second-hand version that he got in the morning was muqued.

"Mr. Van Tasel, 'e's ben up to a lot o' things since I been in 'is service," he muttered, "but this beats hannything as 'as 'appened before."

Van Tasel, while taking his hour's rest before starting out again on the blind search for the princess, of course, fell asleep sitting upright in his chair. James let him sleep, and tiptoed most carefully so as not to waken him, but he had no need for such caution. His master was in deep slumber.

It was well toward midnight when James did awaken Van Tasel, and then he had cause. To arouse the exhausted Van Tasel, however, was no slight task.

"Wake up, sir!" said the valet, speaking as loud as he dared, in his master's ear. "Wake up, sir!"

Van Tasel opened his eyes for a moment, but shut them again, while his head fell to one side.

"Wake up!" persisted James, giving Van Tasel a shake of the shoulder. "Wake up!"

"What the devil do you mean, getting me out of bed like this?" demanded Van Tasel, sitting up at length and glaring about him in forgetfulness. "What do you mean, you ruffian, by this sort of conduct? I don't want to get up till morning! Do you hear?"

"You're not in bed, sir," said James, heading off another relapse into sleep. "You 'aven't been in bed much lately, sir."

"Where the deuce am I, then? Am I at home? Ah! I remember. I'm aboard the Hell Diver. Well, what do you want? Are we across the ocean yet? We haven't got to Middeldam! Where's the princess? Come, you scoundrel, what have you done with her?"

He made a lunge for his valet, but James dodged. Then Van Tasel came back to his waking senses with a start.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I remember it all, now. How long have I been asleep, James?

"Four hours, sir."

"The devil!" cried Van Tasel. "Four hours! You don't mean that you've let me lose four precious hours!"

It was well for James that he had something with which to offset Van Tasel's anger.

"Priscilla is 'ere, sir," he said.

"Priscilla?" asked Van Tasel, forgetting his rage at the strange look in his valet's eyes, and the strange words he uttered. "Who is Priscilla? I don't know the lady."

"You've 'eard of 'er, sir; you've 'eard me speak of 'er. She's the lass as is going to marry me, sir. You 'aven't forgot Priscilla?"

James was hurt.

"No, I remember her now; at least, I remember that you've told me about her. What in the name of common-sense is Priscilla here for, at this hour of the night?"

"Don't scold 'er, sir. She came 'ere to see you sir, not me."

"Come here to see me, James? Priscilla here to see me at midnight? I'm not ready to hire a maid for the queen. What's the matter with you?"

James stammered and stutered something about "princess" and "king." Then he disappeared for a moment into an outer room. When he returned he was leading by the hand the blushing Priscilla.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Maid to the Queen.

"'Ere she is, sir," said James, whose face was quite as red as the girl's. "'Ere she is. Priscilla, this is Mr. Van Tasel."

"Your 'ighness!" said Priscilla, saluting with a courtesy.

Van Tasel was quite astonished. What the deuce, he wondered, was this girl up to, coming to his apartments at such an hour?

"Pleased to know you, Priscilla," he said, for he had to treat her politely. "Have you come to invite me to the wedding? Now, I hope you're not going to take James away from me just yet! You haven't come to elope with him, have you?"

The possibility of such a thing disturbed Van Tasel not a little. How could he get along without James?

Priscilla and James giggled and colored still deeper.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the girl. "Oh, no, your 'ighness! The wedding ain't set, sir."

"Good! Perhaps you'll make up your mind to throw the rascal overboard yet. He's too young to marry, and besides, you're too pretty a girl for him."

"Oh, your 'ighness!" murmured Priscilla, bashfully.

"Tell 'is 'ighness what you came for," reminded James.

"Yes," said Priscilla; 'e flattered me so I almost forgot. I brought a message, sir."

"A message? From whom?"

Who the devil would send Van Tasel a message at midnight by this little English maid, scarce out of her teens?

"She said I was to come myself, sir, and not to trust to anyone else, no matter how late it was. She told me to say, sir, that Miss Mildred Boltwood——"

Van Tasel staggered back.

"Mildred Boldwood!" he cried. "What do you know of her? Come, quick! What do you know of Mildred Boltwood?"

His sudden ferocity frightened Priscilla. She looked helplessly to James.

"Tell 'im," reassured her lover. "Don't be scared of Mr. Van Tasel, my dear; hits' 'is way."

Van Tasel grew milder.

"I beg your pardon, Priscilla," he said; "you mustn't mind if I seem a sort of savage. What do you know of Miss Boltwood? Where is she?"

He had hard work to contain himself. Priscilla, thus reassurred, got back her courage.

"She told me to tell your 'ighness as 'ow she hoped you would come quick and get 'er, for she feared they would take 'er away in the morning. She said as 'ow——"

"Where—where?" interrupted Van Tasel, breathlessly. "Where is she?"

"At the 'ouse where I serve, sir, as second maid; the 'ouse of Mr. J. Van Wandeleer, at Gramercy Park."

"God on high!" cried Van Tasel, springing to the couch where Fosdick still lay sleeping. "Come, Ben! Quick! Get up! We have found her! We have found the princess!"

Priscilla showed that she was nobody's fool.

"Yes'r," she assented, "she's the princess, and the king is there, too."

Fosdick sat up sleepily, after Van Tasel and James had shaken him for a minute.

"What's the row?" he yawned.

"We have found her!" yelled Van Tasel, in his ear. "Come! There's not a minute to spare."

He turned again to Priscilla.

"So it's Van Wandeleer who's been hiding the princess! I might have known it. Old Van Wandeleer, the importer! I know him the vagabond! He's lived in New York thirty years, yet he's still a Luxembrant subject."

"'E's very loyal, sir," answered Priscilla, "but 'is king ain't great and noble, like 'is majesty, Edward—long may 'e reign!"

James was at the telephone, ordering Van Tasel's touring car sent post-haste from the garage.

"Ben," said Van Tasel, as he male hasty preparations, "heaven is with us or it would not have sent Leander and the princess straight to the house where this brave girl was employed. It is the handiwork of an almighty Providence—nothing else!"

Turning again to Priscilla, he asked:

"How did the princess discover that you knew of Arthur Van Tasel? What fortunate hint put this information in her possession?"

Priscilla blushed furiously.

"I 'appened to mention, your 'ighness, as 'ow I was to be married to Mr. Van Tasel's valet. She came near fainting, sir, when she 'eard it. She turned very white, sir."

"The devil!" exclaimed Van Tasel.

"She's a dear lady, sir," volunteered the girl, "and a lovely one. W'en I gave 'er the smelling salts, and she got back her breath, she says, in a whisper, as 'ow I musn't breathe a word of it, for the king 'ad stolen 'er and was going to take 'er back to Middeldam to cut off 'er 'ead."

Van Tasel uttered a mighty oath.

Priscilla's eyes were large as she went on:

"She told me as 'ow I was to come 'ere at midnight and tell your 'ighness, and show you w'ere the 'ouse was w'ere they 'ad 'er. I was to let you in, sir, at the back. She said as 'ow she would trust the rest to your 'ighness."

"She trusts me yet!" exclaimed Van Tasel. "She trusts me, Ben, in spite of the blunder I have made of this thing from start to finish."

He straightened suddenly, and exclaimed:

"There must be no mistake this time, Fosdick. We must save Lucretia, first. Then I shall devote myself to Leander. Ah! what joy it will be to get my fingers on the monster's throat!"

He showed his teeth in the depths of his hate.

They were ready to go. James looked very down-hearted.

"I may send for you soon," said Van Tasel, noting his valet's woe. "Be in readiness."

"I would like to 'elp, sir," he said.

"You!" Van Tasel exclaimed thoughtlessly. "You help in this thing! Why James——"

He remembered Priscilla.

"All right," he said, "come along. Perhaps, after all, we can use you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Secret Approach.

The house of J. Van Wandeleer was an ancient structure, overlooking, to the westward, the iron-fenced square known as Gramercy Park. Leander had chosen a wise hiding-place for Lucretia, for, once behind the walls of the old house, with its barred windows and seclusion, she was nearly as safe from discovery as if she had been concealed in Middeldam itself. A high brick wall shut the house from passersby.

Van Tassel stopped his touring car in East Twenty-second street, and, guided by Priscilla, the rescuers approached. That the house was watched by Leander's spies, Van Tasel had no doubt, but he swore that any man who got in his way should feel the prick of cold steel. He carried a knife in one hand and his pistol in the other. Nevertheless, deeming strategy of more value than rash bravery, he advanced on Van Wandeleer's house in the most secret manner.

Priscilla's knowledge of the surroundings was utilized. By way of Third avenue, she led the party through a private passageway between two little stores, and brought the expedition at length to a wall at the rear of Van Wandeleer's establishment.

The trembling maid now opened the gate with her night-key, and took her companions across a court, inky dark, and into the house. James' teeth were chattering audibly, and Van Tasel commanded him, in a savage whisper, to keep them together.

The lower part of the house was dark, and they had to depend on the glimmer of Van Tasel's electric lantern. Once in the upper corridor, their way was dimly illumined by the hall burners. Turning a bend, they almost fell over a man, half reclining on a settle, asleep, with his head lopped to one side.

Instantly, Van Tasel had a pistol at the fellow's temple, but Priscilla sprang forward.

"Don't shoot 'im!" she begged, in a scared whisper, catching Van Tasel's arm. "'E's Alexander, set to watch the 'all, sir. 'E loves the princess, sir!"

Van Tasel lowered his weapon. For once he was glad there was another who did love the princess.

The faithless sentinel awoke with a jump, and stood up.

"Not a sound!" hissed Van Tasel. "If you say a word, I shall make short work of you! Do you hear?"

He was resolved to take no chances on Alexander's love for Lucretia.

"'E 'as agreed to 'elp 'er, sir," whispered Priscilla. "'E won't go back on 'er."

"Where is she?" demanded Van Tasel, with his lips against Alexander's ear. "Where is Miss Boltwood?"

"In the library, sir, with the gentleman."

Alexander was almost as much frightened as James.

Van Tasel came near forgetting his caution. Lucretia in the library with the king! Where was the library? He would waste not a second in giving his majesty battle—and a battle to the death it should be.

His anger subsided in a second or two. He had not come to do impossible things, but to save the princess. Strategy first, then blood, if it came to that. He and Fosdick were sworn to shed their last drop, if they must.

"Are you resolved to stand by me, Ben?" he whispered. "Will you back me up to the death?"

"To the death!" echoed Fosdick.

For a moment the only sound was the chattering of James' teeth. Then Alexander took a key from his pocket, and with much care lest he be heard, unlocked the door.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Marriage or Treason.

The apartment where they now found themselves was a large living room, imperfectly lighted.

When Alexander had closed the door after them, they heard a man's voice in some inner apartment. Priscilla held up a warning hand. James' teeth came together with a snap.

"Priscilla," whispered Van Tasel, "take care of James, and both of you keep out of sight. Understand?"

"Yes, your 'ighness," said Priscilla. "Yes'r-r-r,r," James managed to chatter.

Van Tasel and Fosdick crossed the room to the closed door that led to the library. Leander was speaking in his native tongue. He was excited and angry, and was losing control of himself. Van Tasel, having spent some months in Luxembrant, knew enough of the language to gather the import of what the king and Lucretia said.

"My love for you," the king was saying, in his harsh basso, "has moved me to be more lenient than I should have been. I shall not much longer treat you as a lover would treat a woman, but as a king would treat a prisoner. If you continue to defy me, I give warning that you shall go in irons."

Van Tasel's form trembled with almost uncontrollable fury.

"I am quite prepared for any brutality," the princess replied in haughty tones. "Your persecutions of me have been such that no extremity, even irons, would surprise me."

The king softened his tones.

"'Persecutions,' my fair one, is a rough word. 'Undying adoration' would better describe my long attentions to you."

Van Tasel gripped Fosdick's arm viciously.

"Whatever you choose to call it," retorted Lucretia, "makes no difference." There was a mighty scorn in her voice. "By any name, it is most unbearable. Irons, sir, would be welcome if they could assure me relief from your presence."

No doubt the king had heard this sort of thing from the princess before, for he laughed a grating guffaw.

"You will change your tune when you feel them cutting into your wrists and ankles, my sweet. By heaven! you shall have your wish. You shall go back to Luxembrant in irons."

Perhaps Lucretia's face might have shown her emotion, for Leander went on:

"Come, come! don't force me to put such threats into execution, fair princess. It would be an ill home-coming for Lucretia. It would be a poor way for a king to take home his bride."

"Bride! Indeed!" returned the princess quickly, with high disdain. "Have I not made it clear to you that before I became your bride I will embrace the fate of a martyr? Why continue to talk of it, your majesty?"

"I talk of it," Leander returned, insolently, "with the right that a king and lover assumes. Ah! my pretty creature, you may flaunt your refusals as much as you wish, but you cannot escape me. This time I have you. You must choose, indeed, between me and a martyr's lot. When we get back to Middledam you will find your slender neck in grave danger. The king only can save you from the penalty of your treasonable plottings against the crown. You will think differently of matrimony, when the guillotine stands before you, my love."

Van Tasel trod on Fosdick's toes with such force that Fosdick's oath must surely have been heard by Leander had he not been so intent on his wicked designs.

"My ideas on matrimony, with you, sir, would remain unchanged, though you were to burn me at the stake," was the resolute answer of Lucretia.

"Ah, ha!" cried Leander, taking her up quickly. "So you qualify your declaration! Your ideas of matrimony, with me, are different from your ideas of matrimony with the lowborn fellow Van Tasel, the American serf whose attentions you have permitted, to the scandal of Luxembrant."

"I am not answerable to you for my ideas," said the princess, quietly. "As to scandals of Luxembrant, the king is not always so particular."

The most deadly jealousy was reflected in the king's voice. However, perceiving that his tactics did not overawe the princess, he changed his tune for the minute.

"Very well. Granting it to be so, you must admit that for the Princess Lucretia to marry a common American would be to forever exile her from home and friends, destroy her claim to the Luxembrant throne (which, though rashly, she has made), and hold her up as an object of ridicule the world over. Do you grant me that, sweet princess?"

"I grant nothing, and ask nothing, sir. You have no authority to question me. Here, in America, at least, you are not my sovereign."

"Nevertheless," cried Leander, "here in your boasted America—to which you fled because a king was rash enough to make love—you cannot escape me. In twenty-four hours you shall be on the ocean. Your fine Van Tasel is not sharp enough. I have the means of getting you away, despite him. I shall no longer argue here, but once on the sea there will be time to alter your mind. Luxembrant needs a queen—the king needs a wife. You shall be both. Is it not the most sensible way of ending a foolish dispute over the crown? If you go quietly, there will be no need to cause you suffering, but, mind you, once you attempt to escape, no measures will be too harsh. If you resist——"

He stopped abruptly, for Van Tasel's hand was on the knob of the door.

To Be Continued.

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Amazing Crops.

Leavenworth Times.

The corn crop this year, according to present promise, will yield 2,700,000,000 bushels, which at the September option price of 62 cents would be valued at $1,700,000,000. The wheat crop with an indicated yield of 675,000,000 bushels at 93 cents per bushel would amount to $627,000,000. The cotton crop which promises 13,000,000 bales at 9½ cents would yield about $600,000,000. The oats crop and hay crops, now out of danger, are record-breakers in quantity and quality. Last year these two crops were valued at over $1,000,000,000, and this year that sum will be further exceeded.

All the crops of 1907 were estimated by the department of agriculture at a valuation of $7,412,000,000 on the farm; and in view of the large yield this year, and the good prices generally obtained, it is quite reasonable to expect that our farmers this year will produce new wealth worth at least $8,000,000,000; the largest sum ever realized in one year by this country or any other from agricultural products.

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or overbusy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the *cause* of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, in reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause*, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

SHEEP BEASTS OF BURDEN

Indianapolis News.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden, because they are more sure-footed than larger beasts, and the mountain paths along the foothills of the Himalayas are steep and difficult. The load for each sheep is 16 to 20 pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

EXILE IN GREATNESS SCHOOL

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 30 Is, "David Spares Saul's Life." 1 Sam. 26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"The rich man's son does not have a fair chance in these days," recently declared Mr. J. Campbell White, who was pointing out that it takes discipline in burden-bearing, self-denial and responsibility to bring a youth to manhood's full measure. Many a great man has pointed to the school of hardship as the secret of his success. Soft times make soft characters. There is no automobile road to greatness. Hard experiences are needed to produce hardy spirits.

The best thing that can befall a person who looks forward to any sort of sovereignty is a bitter succession of hard times. Let him have, as did David, a few active, powerful enemies, and a great trial that will go down to the uttermost depths of his soul. Give him occasion to test the primal verities; and to have to rely upon his own wisdom and courage and persistence for safety. The only justification for any sort of hazing in college is this true principle, that hardship and oppression have an educational value. For, after all, what is the ultimate use of education except to help a person find his own soul.

Songs Out of Sorrows.

Thus David became a king. In the school of exile and persecution he learned how to reign. I was with a confident step and even eye that he eventually came to his coronation; he learned that confident step scaling the obstacles of the wilderness, and that even eye by looking into the ever-present face of danger. The seven years of pursuit by Saul, during which David "ate bitterness," as the Chinese say, were the years that proved the worth of Jesse's son.

More than that, out of those seven years were born many or most of the immortal Psalms of David, which have meant more to the human race than the use or fruit of myriad kingdoms. The world would be but slightly interested in David as a king were it not for his "songs in the night." Out of the depths of his personal sorrows he uttered the sentiments of the universal heart. The Psalms are the most contemporaneous of literature, because they express, better than any other form of words, what men and women are feeling today. Comfort and complacency do not heed poetry; it is commonly said that the prosperity of this generation is responsible for its lack of great poets, and even as for its multitude of petty rhymsters. The poet must "learn in suffering what he teaches in song." David sounded the depths of loneliness, despair and sin, ere he could sound the notes which have vibrated as bugle calls through the nations.

A Young Man's Testing.

A fair test of anybody's caliber is whether he takes what is coming to him without whimpering. How does he face hard times? Can he even meet undeserved enmity and punishment in high-souled fortitude? David had deserved only honor from Saul, and behold he instead, was treated with ignominy and ingratitude. Things did not turn out according to story-book fashion—which is one of the shattering discoveries made by most young men who enter upon a wide range of activities. The danger was that David's faith in the verities, and in the old-fashioned religion of his country mother and father, would be shaken. He was thrown among evil companions who scoffed at the pious teachings of unsophisticated boyhood folk.

But David kept the faith. He got the best out of his trials, and not the worst. Troubles are always chariots; it is with us to choose whether we shall ride in them or be crushed by them. In the first place, David decided to play fair. He would not match meanness with meanness, disloyalty with disloyalty, ingratitude with ingratitude. Like many a noble business man of today, in a world full of trickery and deceitfulness, he determined to do the right thing, or go under in the attempt.

Even for the sake of his own character, he could not afford to do a mean deed. Saul's ingratitude he met with magnanimity. When he spared the monarch's life, when he had him absolutely in his power; for David had kept his respect for the Lord's anointed. Shrewd David must also have perceived, in the example of Saul's degeneracy, how great a price one must pay for a mean act. While Saul yielded to maudlin and inconstant remorse, or pleaded piteously that everybody was against him, or wept and reproached himself at the knowledge of David's mercy, or committed unwarranted murder upon the priests, David was learning that it only pays to be big and brave and daring.

Another mistake David avoided was the common one of quitting work and taking to complaining because things were not going well with him. Many a person forsakes the church because some member thereof has hurt his feelings. David had been sorely injured by the nation's highest representatives; yet he remained loyal and patriotic. When Keilah was threatened by the Philistines, he hastened to its rescue; and even the crass ingratitude of the inhabitants thereof did not turn him sour.

A Fugitive in the Caves.

Driven from his home and wife and office, with his father's family also persecuted on his account, David had to become a fugitive and an outlaw, a dweller in caves and a hider in mountain fastnesses. Even so, he gathered about him a hundred fighting men who, like himself, had severed the ties that bound them to society. These he welded into a compact fighting force, and used them for the protection of life and property. This company of David's during his exile strikingly resembles, in some particulars, Robin Hood's band of merry men, when a selfish and unpatriotic king sat on the throne of England.

When the outlaw becomes the patriot is not easily determined; David in the fastnesses seems to have been more of a patriot and a defender of the nation than Saul in the palace. Similarly, the Young Turkish party, just now risen to power, has been more patriotic than Sultan Abdul Hamid. Likewise the "Young China" party of revolutionists have more zeal for China's welfare than most of the mandarins in Peking. Although for a time beyond the pale of official favor, David held fast to his love for Israel, to his love for his family and friends (as witness the stolen interview with Jonathan in the woods), and to his love for Jehovah, in whom his trust could not be shaken. And so long as these great anchors of life hold fast it matters little what storms of circumstance may rage.

Wild Turkeys on the Track.

Lebanon (Mo.) Republican.

That the wild turkey still haunts the wooded valleys of the Ozarks is proved by the experience of the engine crew of Frisco passenger train No. 15 one day last week. The train, in charge of engineer George Dillard, was speeding along, when, a few miles this side of Stoutland, a flock of seventeen wild turkeys was seen on the right of way. As the train approached them, the turkeys, instead of hiking for the woods, sought to outrun the passenger train, and struck down the track ahead of the engine. Before the proud gobbler, who was leading the flock, realized the danger, the train bore down upon them. Two were killed and the number of feathers that were scattered right and left showed that others had been injured. Frisco trainmen frequently kill quail along the road, but it is very infrequent that a flock of turkeys try to race with them.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

My flock of breeding ewes and last year's lambs are poor in flesh. They have dirty noses and occasionally cough. Will some Farmstead reader please tell me what the trouble is? Also give a remedy?—B., Owosso, Mich.

I have a yearling colt that is weak in its legs and back. It was soon after a thunder storm that I noticed this, which makes me think that the weakness was caused from a shock by lightning. It has been a month since the storm, yet the condition of the colt remains the same. It eats heartily and appears to feel good, with the exception that its legs are so weak that the colt will fall, but be able to rise again. Can any Farmstead reader give a remedy?—J., Meadow Grove, Neb.

I have a cow, fresh in March, that persists in holding up her milk. We took the calf from her immediately and she gave her milk all right for a month, then refused to give more than half, sometimes not that much. We tried feeding her when we milked, and that worked all right for a couple of months, but since then she takes a spell of holding up her milk every week or ten days, sometimes only one milking, but often two. I would like immediate advice from all who have had experience with such cows, as I am afraid she will go dry.—O., Roundhead, O.

I have a valuable yearling percheron colt, which, during the past month, has developed what I believe is ringbone on his left fore leg just above the hoof. If some reader of The Blade can suggest a remedy it will be greatly appreciated.—F., Linville Falls, N. C.

To Remove Warts.

D., Carpenter, O.: To remove a wart from over the eyebrow of a young horse you should put castor oil on the wart twice a day for several weeks. This will remove the wart without injuring the eye.—R., Salem, W. Va.

ROBIN A VENTRILOQUIST.

The familiar robin is at times a ventriloquist, says the London Field. The bird seated only a few yards off is singing, and the sound appears to come from some other bird at a distance. When singing thus the beak is kept closed, and only the ruffling of the feathers of the throat shows that the robin is singing at all. Such a power might be useful, especially to a bird like the blackcap, which sometimes sings when sitting on the nest.

As regards mimicry, the starling is our most accomplished mimic. He will sing so like the song thrush and blackbird that it is hard to tell the difference, and in autumn he gives a fine imitation of the curlew.

The blackbird, as a rule, is not a mimic, yet Yarrell relates that it has been heard to crow like the cock, and the writer of these notes had the pleasure of hearing it do so on one occasion. Sometimes the imitation is unconscious, as in the case of a jackass penguin, which, according to Darwin, makes a loud noise, "very like the braying of an ass."

VEGETATION AND MOON.

Planting in the moon has ever been regarded by a large majority of folks as a superstition unworthy of the intelligence of this age, and often the moon-planter is derided openly and is secretly regarded as lacking in ordinary good sense. But at last a scientist in scientific France has come over to the side of the moon-planter and declares that there is method in his madness. And why not, if it be true, as nearly all scientists agree, that the tides are evidences of the moon's influence upon the earth? But it is not designed to discuss the question here, but simply to give assurance to the so-called moon faddists that at least one prominent scientist—and possibly more—is on their side, which ought to entitle them to more of the respect of their neighbors.—Field and Farm.

THUNDER AND MILK.

To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. Yet, according to scientists, the whole process is simple and natural. One claim is that milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria that in a day or two under natural conditions would cause the fluid to sour are peculiarly susceptible to electricity. Electricity inspirits and invigorates them, as alcohol, cocaine or strong tea affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy, and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk they accomplish the task completely in a half hour. With an electric battery it is easy to turn the same principles to sour the freshest milk.

POULTRY DISEASES.

W. S. Jacobs, of the Arkansas experiment station, in bulletin 90, says of poultry diseases and remedies therefor:

When a fowl becomes ill, the best cure, in many cases, is to kill it. Only in trivial ailments or the case of valuable birds which have in all probability been infected from outside, is an attempt at a cure at all recommended, and even then only when the disease is so defined that the treatment is fairly certain. By exercising good care, with all that it includes, correct sanitary conditions, good houses, well aired and aired, proper food, exercise and cleanliness and prompt attention to birds which seem indisposed, will often prove effective in checking what otherwise might turn to be a very serious epidemic. Remove all sick fowls from the rest of the flock and see that conditions are correct for preventing the spread of the disease to other members of the flock.

Filth, dampness, improper ventilation, improper feeding and the introduction of infected birds into the yard are the most common causes of disease in the poultry yard. The quarters should be thoroughly whitewashed at least once a year. The end of July or beginning of August is about as good a time as any. The whitewash may be made by slaking fresh lime in hot water and then thinning to the proper consistency with cold water. To each gallon of the mixture add four ounces of crude carbolic acid in order to increase the disinfecting power. If at all posible, the runs should be plowed once a year or oftener in order to turn up fresh soil and bury the accumulated droppings.

Apoplexy—In this trouble, by the time it is noticed, the fowls are usually too far gone for treatment. Death is caused by a sudden rush of blood to the head, causing the bursting of one of the blood vessels. Over-eating, sudden fright or extreme heat may result in this trouble, and the best remedy, of course, is to avoid the causes. If the fowl is not too far gone a cure may sometimes be effected by bleeding from the under side of the wing.

Bumblefoot—This is an abscess on bottom of the foot caused by a bruise received probably by the fowl in jumping from a high roost. The treatment is to lance the abscess, remove the pus and then wash the wound thoroughly with a solution made of carbolic acid one part, and warm water 50 parts. It is best to place the fowl in a clean stall or box for a few days till the wound has a chance to heal.

Bronchitis—This is a form of cold or catarrh accompanied by a rattling in the throat. Feed stimulating foods, such as pepper and ginger, till the fowl recovers. A few drops of aconite in the drinking water will be found very beneficial.

Chicken-Pox or Sore Head.—A very common trouble throughout this state. It is caused by an organism which is very contagious, the infection of which is usually from outside sources. The disease appears as small yellow ulcers about the beak, nostrils, eyes and other parts of the head, hence the common name, "sore head." The best treatment for this disease is to wash all affected parts with carbolic soapsuds and then apply vaseline to soften the sores. This treatment will generally effect a cure.

Chicken Cholera.—This is a contagious disease of the bowels and may be observed by the characteristic green frothy nature of the droppings. Treatment is generally useless. Kill all infected birds, burn or deeply bury, and disinfect the quarters thoroughly. Potassium permanganate or copperas in the drinking water of the well birds is a wise precaution, and which should not be neglected.

Colds.—While these may not in themselves have much effect on the fowl, they often lead to something more serious and ought never to be neglected. The quarters should be made as comfortable as possible. Then take equal parts of cayenne pepper, ginger and mustard, mix with lard or butter until a stiff paste is obtained. Roll these mixtures into little pellets and give to the affected bird by opening the mouth and dropping it down the throat. A single treatment will generally effect a cure. If not, repeat the dose later on.

Roup.—This term is used to apply to a number of diseases affecting the head and throat. What is now generally recognized as roup is diphtheria or diphtheritic roup. And that which is ordinarily called roup which does not seriously affect the throat, is influenza or heavy cold. Opinions differ in regard to the permanent cure of this disease. We would not advise attempting a cure except in the case of very valuable fowls, when the following treatment is recommended:

Make a swab of botton and tie it on the end of a stick and swab the mouth with hydrogen peroxide. As the disease is very contagious, all infected birds should be removed from the others and the premises thoroughly disinfected. For the mild form wash sores and discharges from the nostril with a 2 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and give some stimulant such as ginger or red pepper in the food. For ordinary fowls it will generally be found cheaper in the end to kill the affected birds and burn their bodies.

Limber Neck.—As the name indicates, this disease is characterized by the limp condition of the neck. The fowl loses all control of the neck muscles and the head rests on the ground. It is caused by the fowls eating decayed flesh in which a ptomaine has developed. Treatment is rarely successful. Some cures have been reported, but it is doubtful if the bird will be worth the labor expended. The most effective and best treatment is to prevent it by being careful not to leave any decayed flesh where the fowls will have access to it.

Gapes.—In chickens this disease frequently destroys large numbers, and is caused by tremadode worms in the wind pipe. The trouble can be very easily identified, as the worms in the wind p

Syrup of Figs
and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
from whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
50¢ size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY

STEENDAM

her three centuries of existence New
k, although always a commercial cen-
has been the dwelling place of many
s. One of the earliest in her records
cob Steendam.
was a boy of sixteen when he came
is country from Holland in 1632. Al-
gh a poet, he was evidently not im-
dent, for this thrifty Dutchman
ed houses in Broadway and Pearl
et.
more important poems, bearing the
rely titles, "Complaint of New Am-
dam, in New Netherlands, to Her
er of Her Beginning, Growth and
ent Condition," and "The Praise of
Netherland," were translated and
shed by Henry C. Murphy at The
ue in 1861. A memoir of the poet
included.

RELIGIOUS IGNORANCE

York Observer.
ere are many people who think them-
s to be religious who are really wor-
ng what they do not know, and
t they think must be very great in-
If they do not know it. The religious
ws" of multitudes are very vague.
n they are asked what they believe
only answer (if they will consent to
an answer at all) is to the effect:
I do not know; I think that if a
does about right he does not need
ave any theology!" Such people do
see that to say so condemns them as
for want of intellect as for want of
rine. Ignorance is certainly not the
sort of foundation on which to build
gion, and ignorance of any sort is
last thing to be proud of. It is time
some preaching Paul came and en-
ened the ignorance of all idle
ery, but it is also something very
ple, both as to doctrine and deed.
must learn a truth if we are to live
which will be rationally satisfactory
our own minds and acceptable to God
maker and judge.

o Make Women Gardeners.

on Telegraph.
anley Horticultural college's work
o make women into gardeners,
ther as growers for market or in
ate grounds, or as teachers of oth-
The course is specially designed
e of use to those who have land of
r own and those who look forward
a colonial life. The college was
ded nearly twenty years ago and
possesses forty-three acres of land,
of which are devoted to flowers,
e to kitchen and market garden-
and seventeen to fruit. There is a
range of glass houses, an apiary,
iry and poultry run. The report
the past year refers to the growing
and for teachers of natude study, in
of which the college has estab-
d a course in natural history.
re were over sixty students at the
ge during 1907. As a testimony to
practical nature of the instruction
wanley, it may be pointed out that
ng 1907 twelve students received
intments as teachers, three as head
ers, four as gardeners and under
eners, two as market gardeners,
five obtained positions in jobbing
emporary work. One student went
to teach nature study in British Co-
bia.

rom Orient Without Rain.

on Transcript.
e rain which greeted the crew of
steamer Ghazee, from Oriental
s, this morning was the first shower
has encountered in seven weeks, one
e most unparalleled records of fine
her ever reported by an incoming
el from eastern ports. The Ghazee
Penang, the last cargo port, on
e 30, but since June 26 she has not
a rainy day. Her crew and officers
me so used to smooth seas and
y skies that they had almost for-
en the look of rain. This morning
felt the nip of the cold for the
time since leaving the Orient. The
ers wore their overcoats on the
e and the crew of Chinese shivered
the decks.

The Cigaret Record.

York World.
ere were 55,402,330,113 cigarets smoked
e United States during the last fiscal
according to government statistics
issued—25,000,000 is perhaps a fair es-
te of the number of men and boys in
country who smoke tobacco. So, on
average, each smoker consumed 2,216
ets last year, or 6 1-14 a day, the
ion representing the very small butt
aret smker throws away.
of the 25,000,000 smokers many mil-
smoke cigars or pipes, and some
kers roll their own cigarets. So the
ge number each cigaret smoker con-
es daily must be much higher than
. The government statisticians are
proud of their accuracy in carrying
figure so high as 55,400,000,000 to the
number—13. Perhaps there is a
ing to cigaret smokers in these last
figures. Anyhow, the cigaret habit is
ing tremenduously in this country.

When an Inch Is 100 Tons

adelphia Bulletin.
e rain fell in buckets, the thunder
ted terribly, and the lightning drew
ng lines of bright gold upon the violet
you too don't know what an inch
ain is exactly," said the weather
as his looked at his rain measur-
strument. "Very few people do, it
I'll explain it to you.
acre is 6,272,640 square inches. An
of water on an acre is therefore 6,272,-
0 cubic inches. That amount at 227 cu-
hes to the gallon, equals 22,000 gal-
ns, or 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons.
inch of rain is, in other words, a
fall at the rate of 100 tons to the

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

PANAMA CLIMATE.

Will you give a description of the climate of Panama?—S. R. S., Naponee, Neb.

The climate of Panama is tropical, with a dry season covering the months January-April and a wet season for most of the balance of the year. The mean annual temperature is about 80 degrees, with a maximum of 100 degress and a minimum of 60 degrees. The hottest months are generally December-March. Rains are much more copious on the Atlantic than on the Pacific side and the quantity also greatly exceeds that which falls over the interior. In the town of Panama the average annual precipitation is about 86 inches; at Colon, about 125-130 inches, and at Gamboa, about 92 inches. Fevers are prevalent in certain regions, but the climate is not so generally unhealthy as has been ordinarily assumed.

The terrible mortality consequent on the canal excavations made by the French are so commonly taken to prove that the earth, if merely upturned, breeds a deathly miasma, that the natives neither hoe nor plow in their agriculture. But the high death rate is quite as probably explicable by the lack of sanitation and by the unrestrained use of the mountain streams for laundries, drains, cesspools, and drinking water reservoirs. However, the system of sanitation which has been put in operation by the United States government since the beginning of the work of digging the canal, has converted the canal zone into a reasonably healthful region.

KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS.

What were the Kentucky resolutions, and who framed them?—J. F. S., Buchanan, Tenn.

The Kentucky resolutions were the outgrowth, together with the Virginia resolutions, of a feeling that the Federal party was making a strained and illegitimate use of the powers granted to the federal government by the constitution. They were directly due to the passing of the alien and sedition laws. The Kentucky resolutions were framed by Thomas Jefferson and introduced into the Kentucky legislature in 1798, by John Breckinridge. They defined the strict construction view of the relatives powers of the state and government. The nine resolutions declared that the union was not based on the "principle of unlimited submission to the general government;" that the constitution was a compact, to which each state was a party as against its fellow states; and that, in all cases not specified in the compact, each party had a right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. They set forth the unconstitutionality of the alien and sedition acts, and invited other states to join in declaring them void. No favorable response was evoked. In 1799 the Kentucky legislature went further and declared a nullification of a federal law by a state a rightful remedy in cases of federal usurpation. Upon these resolutions the doctrines of nullification and secession were later founded.

SEVEN TICKETS.

Will the Question Bureau kindly give the heads of the various presidential tickets in the field this year?—H. E. S., Alinda, Pa.

The 1908 candidates for president are as follows:

Republican, William H. Taft.
Democratic, William Jennings Bryan.
People's Party, Thomas E. Watson.
Socialist, Eugene V. Debs.
Prohibition, Eugene W. Chafin.
Socialist Labor, Martin R. Preston.
Independent, Thomas L. Hisgen.

It may be of interest to add that the total votes of the six parties in the field four years ago were as follows:

Republican, 7,623,486.
Democratis, 5,077,971.
Prohibition, 258,536.
People's 117,183.
Socialist Labor, 31,249.

ATLANTIC CABLE.

Please give a history of the Atlantic cable.—F. G. H., Aberdeen, Mo.

In 1854 Cyrus West Field conceived the idea of what was the germ of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times—that of telegraphic communication between the old world and the new. His first step was to obtain legal authority. For this purpose he went, in March, 1854, to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and obtained from the legislature of that colony a charter granting an exclusive right for 50 years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe; and he thereupon associated with himself Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White and Wilson Hunt, of New York, under the title of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph company," for the purpose of carrying this design into effect. Mr. Field thenceforth devoted himself almost exclusively to the execution of this project. To build the land line of telegraph across Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island took more than two years. While this was in progress he went to England and ordered a submarine cable, to connect Cape Ray and Cape Breton. This was sent out in 1855, but was lost in a gale in the attempt to lay it across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The attempt was renewed the following year with success. In 1856 he went to London and there organized the "Atlantic Telegraph company," to carry the line across the ocean, and himself subscribed for one-fourth of the whole capital of the company. By his personal application he procured from the British and American government aid in ships, and accompanied the expedition, which sailed from England in 1857 and 1858, for the purpose of laying the cable across the Atlantic ocean. Twice the attempt failed—in 1857, and the first time in 1858. The third attempt proved successful; and in August, 1858, telegraphic communication was established across the ocean. The cable, however, worked only a few weeks, and then became silent. To resuscitate the project now became more difficult than ever, as the public had lost faith. From that time it was kept alive by the ardent faith and indomitable will of its projector. He was continually passing to and fro between America and Europe, inspiring fresh courage and gathering new resources. Civil war broke out in the United States, and the nation, absorbed in its own affairs, had no time for foreign enterprises. Thus seven years passed away before the expedition was prepared. A better cable was constructed, and the Great Eastern took it on board, and sailed to the west. Over 1,200 miles had been laid, when by a sudden lurch of the ship, the cable snapped, and was lost. The year 1866 saw still another expedition, which this time proved successful. The cable, 2,000 miles long, was safely stretched across the ocean, and the communication proved perfect.

EARLY MICHIGAN.

Will you please give a few facts of the early history of Michigan from 1760 to 1796?—A. H. T., Laingsburg, Mich.

In 1760 Michigan was surrendered by the French to the British as a part of Canada. In 1763 the Indians rose under Chief Pontiac and after the massacre of Mackinaw laid siege to Detroit for nearly a year, but were finally defeated. Michigan was regarded as a part of Canada and was governed the same as the other provinces in Canada. The British officers at Detroit encouraged Indians to attack settlements in Ohio and Kentucky during the Revolution. Even after the peace of 1783 there was much trouble with the Indians until 1795, when they were brought to terms by General Wayne. By the treaty of peace, they ceded large tracts in Michigan to the United States. July 1, 1796, the British troops surrendered the possession of Detroit to the United States.

FORT SUMTER.

Will you tell me whether Fort Sumter has ever been rebuilt since the close of the civil war? Is it in good condition to withstand a bombardment at the present time?—A. V. D., Cortland, O.

Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie are used at the present time as a means of defense of Charleston harbor. A garrison is maintained at Fort Sumter. It has been strengthened since the war and is now in a condition to withstand a bombardment.

MERMAIDS.

Please tell all you can about the mermaids.—A. C. S., Allardt, Tenn.

A mermaid is a mythical being living in and under the sea. They have the form of a woman above the waist and that of a fish below it. Their beauty lures imaginative and amorous men to destruction by enticing them into the depths of the sea. They also often secure their own destruction by leaving the sea. Sometimes they marry a favored human, but this invariably brings destruction to one or both of the sacrilegious pair. You may occasionally hear of mermen, but they take an unimportant part in the legendary lore of the sea.

The idea that mermaids inhabit the sea is a mediaeval notion and a survival of the primitive fancies. Certain places on the coasts are frequented by uncouth monsters, which, draped with loosened vegetation and holding to their breasts a young one, might be taken afar for a mermaid. The sailors do not come near enough to examine them closely and therefore tell their acquaintances of the mermaids they have seen. Mermaids have always been a part of the tales of sea mythology which formed a part of the popular belief of the classical age of India, Persia and the Mediterranean peoples. At the present time there is an extensive use of the mermen and the mermaids in heraldry. Their figures are pictured on the shields and arms of many of the European nobility. Many shows and circuses exhibit artificial mermaids which are claimed to be preserved relalities, but which are really products of Japanese ingenuity.

PANAMA CANAL.

Will you please tell me when the Panama canal will be completed and its cost? Will American ships have free passage?—A. R. L., Shooting Creek, N. C.

The canal will probably be finished in the year 1914 and will cost about $140,000,000. All American ships will have free passage.

SINGING INSECTS.

Please tell me the names and give a description of the insects that sing loud during the night at this season of the year.—O. H., Rochester, Mich.

The crickets, insects allied to the grasshoppers, sing during the summer. Some have bodies, somewhat flattened, and some, more or less cylindrical, while the abdomen ends in a pair of long slender stylets. They are active jumpers, the hind femors being enlarged. The males produce a shrilling sound made by raising the fore wings and rubbing them on the hind wings. The noise is due to the clear drumhead-like area in the middle of the fore wings forming a resonant surface; on the hind wings is a raised toothed ridge which rubs on the drumhead above it. The dull blackish brown females are silent. The males begin to sing at the opening of the summer season.

The tree-cricket, a cricket of a different family than the one mentioned above, is a small, almost colorless insect, whose night-song is one of the most familiar summer noises of eastern America. The song varies in pitch and rapidity according to the temperature and other conditions. In the daytime the insect trills in a different voice.

The tree-frog also adds to the music on the summer nights. The common tree-frog resembles a toad in form, the body being short and warty above, the color varying from pale ash to dark brown, with several large irregular blotches of greenish brown, white and granulated below, and abdomen yellowish near the thighs; the colors vary at the will of the animal. It is very noisy toward evening in spring and summer. There is also another species of tree-frog with a single note that is clear and bell-like.

AUTOMOBILE RACE.

Who won the New York-to-Paris automobile race? What was the prize and what were the conditions of the race?—A. S., Poole, Neb.

The New York to Paris automobile race was won by the American car. The race was planned by several New York and Paris newspapers. The prize awarded to the winner was a cup. The contestants made their way over as much of the route as they were able to in automobiles, but were often forced to resort to flat cars where the roads were impassable. They traveled from America to Siberia on a boat.

VOTING PRIVILEGES.

Will you please inform me through the columns of The Blade how the southern states can make laws to disfranchise the negroes when the constitution forbids it?—A. W. G., Weston, W. Va.

The constitution confers citizenship and the states determine the qualifications for voting. These qualifications are such that many negroes are not able to qualify, there fore losing their right to vote.

MUIR GLACIER.

Please give a description of the Muir glacier. How is the word "Muir" pronounced?—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

The Muir glacier is situated nearest Haines, Alaska. Skagway is the nearest town of importance. The glacier was discovered and named after John Muir, the American naturalist and explorer. The glacier, whose ice surface covers 350 square miles, being 35 miles long, 250 to 300 feet high, for 150 years ten and fifteen miles wide, drains an area of 800 square miles. It is a few hundred feet above sea-level. Twenty-six tributary streams feed it, seven of which are over one mile long. If the branches were counted, the number would run up around 200. The gateway through which this glacial flows is two and one-half miles wide and is formed by spurs of Mt. Case, 5,510 feet high, and Mt. Wright, 4,944 feet high, on the east, and by a spur of the Pyramid peak on the west. Mountains from 4,000 to 6,000 feet high surround the glacier. It cannot be crossed ten miles back from the water front. The word "Muir" is pronounced "mure."

COMMANDERS OF FORTS.

Who commanded the following forts when they were surrendered: Crown Point, July, 1759. May 10, 1775; Fort Frontenac, August 27, 1758; Ft. Griswold, September 6, 1781; Lexington, Mo., August 20, 1861; Louisburg, June 17, 1745; July 27, 1758; Manila, August 13, 1898; Matamoras, May 19, 1846; Mobile City, April 12, 1865; Fort Niagara, July 24, 1759, December 19, 1853; Oswego, August 10, 1756; Port Royal, May, 1690, October 13, 1710; Quebec, September 18, 1759; San Juan, May 5, 1898; Ticonderoga, July, 1758, May 10, 1775, and Montreal, September 8, 1759?—E. L. O., Alicia, Ark.

We can give you only the names of the commanders of six of the forts you name as we can find no mention of the commanders of the other forts. Fort Griswold was commanded by Benedict Arnold, Lexington by Mulligan, Mobile City by Maury, Quebec by Montcalm, Ticonderoga in 1758 by Montcalm and Montreal by Vaudreuil.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Please tell all you can about Sherlock Holmes.—E. W. T., Chilton, W. Va.

Sherlock Holmes was a fictitious character in a collection of stories written by A. Conan Doyle. He figures as an amateur detective of remarkable skill. He is enslaved to cocaine and in manner is brusque and eccentric.

ALUM.

Please tell how alum is obtained and where the citizens of the United States get their supply.—A. G. O., Nicklow, W. Va.

The ordinary potash alum occurs ready formed in nature, especially among the volcanic rocks near Naples, on the Rhine, on the Island of New York, and in many other places. This decomposed rock is leached, and the resulting liquor is left to crystallize. But this method is so slow and unsatisfactory that it is but seldom used. The greater proportion of the alum of commerce is made from raw material which contains sulphate of alumina, and requires the addition of an alkali; e. g, a majority of the alum state, alum earths, clay and bituminous shale. A favorite alum in this country is that made at the chemical works of Harrison Brothers, Philadelphia, where ammonia alum is manufactured from a pure clay mostly obtained in New Jersey. The clay is dried and then ground and calcined in a reverbratory furnace. When thoroughly calcined and purified, it is while hot digested for some hours in sulphuric acid contained in large vats. The product is washed with water and concentrated, sulphate of ammonia having been previously introduced, and it is further purified by redissolving, then olled by steam, and finally transferred to the crystallizing tubes. These are about eight feet high and are made of strong staves. At the end of eight or ten days the staves of the tub being removed a cylindrical mass of apparently solid alum is revealed. This being pierced near the bottom, the mother water flows in center flows off along the sloping floor into leaden subterranean cisterns, whence it is subsequently pumped and variously utilized. Each chrystallizing vat yields about 21 barrels of alum ready for market.

PILLAR SAINTS.

Who were the "Pillar Saints?"—A. H. M., Hopewell, Ky.

The Pillar Saints are called Stylites, Pillarites, Holy Birds, Air Martyrs, and several similar names. They are a very remarkable class of anchoretical ascetics, chiefly of Syria, who, with a view to separating themselves more completely from earth and fellow-men, took up their abode on tops of pillars, on which they remained without ever descending to earth, and exposed to all the variations of a Syrian climate. The earliest of them and the most celebrated, Simeon, the Stylite, had been a monk, and had lived in the beginning of the 5th century, in extreme seclusion in his monastery for nine years without ever moving from his narrow cell. Increasing in enthusiasm he withdrew to a place about 40 miles from Antioch, where he built a pillar, on the top of which, only a yard in diameter, he took up his position. From this pillar he removed to several others in succession, each higher than its predecessor, till at last he attained 40 cubits or 60 feet in height. In this mode of life he spent 37 years, his neck loaded with an iron chain, and his lips engaged in constant prayer during the recitation of which he bent his body so that his forehead touched his feet. His power of fasting was no less marvelous; he is said to have frequently limited himself to a single meal a week, and during the forty days of Lent abstained entirely from food.

MISCELLANEOUS.

U. B. V., Payson, Utah: If you know anything at all about a "sounder balloon" you have the better of the Question Bureau. We have been unable to find out anything concerning such balloon.

S. M. P., Uhrichsville, O.: We do not give reviews of books in this department.

J. F. H., Tallapoosa, Ga.: Submit your question to a good attorney.

A. M., Bayles, Cal.: The Bureau cannot give you the statistics you want.

S. D. Roy, N. M.: The widow of a soldier who was married to him later than June 27, 1890, cannot draw a pension. Your other questions should be submitted to a good attorney.

F. M. D., Eldorado, O.: The Bureau answers no questions in regard to old coins. See the rules.

W. D. W., French Lick, Ind.: Abraham Lincoln was not a member of any church. However, he was far from being an infidel, as many persons have seemed anxious to believe.

E. A. B., Shelby, O.: We cannot give the biography you ask for.

H. A. T., Nelsonville, O.: It is necessary to have a license to hunt in Ohio but you are compelled to have permission of the land owner.

T. H. T., Williamsport, O.: King Edward VII of England belongs to the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Gem in Bird's Nest.

Washington Post.

Caldwell, N. J.—While several boys and girls were playing in the woods in the lower end of this township yesterday, Anna Dodge, whose home is in Brooklyn, found the nest of a blackbird, and after examining it closely suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, look what I have found in the nest!"

It was a ring set with four diamonds. Later a jeweler examined it and said it was worth $500. It is supposed the ring was carried to the nest by the blackbird.

DRINKS THAT PREVENT OLD AGE

It is declared by Professor Metchnikoff that if one would remain active till late in life he should drink sour milk.

The curdled milk to which Professor Metchnikoff refers, and to which it attributed the wonderful longevity of the Bulgarians, is variously known in the Orient as matzoon, yaourt or zoelak. The latter is its trade name here. In Turkey and Bulgaria it is a standard article of diet and seems indeed to bear out the theory that it is a wonderful specific against the more deadly germs of disease and old age.

As prepared there it is usually made from the milk of the buffalo, which is extremely rich and thick. Here it is necessary to use cows' milk. A little of the old matzoon is always kept on hand for a "starter," just as our grandmothers kept yeast. In large families the housewife makes up her supply daily, as it is not much trouble and takes but little time. In Bulgaria it is served in shallow bowls and eaten with bread. It is a delightful accompaniment to strawberries.

To prepare it for a family about three quarts of sweet fresh milk are put over the fire to boil, great care being taken that it does not scorch. If you do not use a double boiler rinse out the saucepan in which you are to cook it, with cold water, before turning in the milk. When it has come to a good boil set off the fire until cooled to lukewarm. An eighth of a cup of cold matzoon is then added, stirred through it very thoroughly and then set it aside for several hours. It will then be found to be thickened like "loppered" milk, only much richer. If whipped with an egg beater before serving it will be delightfully light and creamy.

You can buy matzoon for a "starter" at Armenian restaurants.

Physicians are now giving matzoon in desperate cases of typhoid fever, where solid drinks or any drinks charged with gas are apt to perforate the softened or ulcerated patches in the bowels.

For a wholesome and refreshing drink in any feverish condtion it can not be surpassed. If you prefer to start the matzoon from the beginning with yeast, you can do so in this way, retaining some of the first made for next using:

For two small bottles allow one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, and a third cake of compressed yeast. Dissolve the yeast and sugar in a small quantity of milk that has been slightly heated in order to set the yeast plant working. The remainder of the milk should be boiled and cooled to lukewarm, and in an hour, when the yeast begins to form bubbles on top, added to the yeast mixture. Put into small bottles, and if the corks do not fasten with spring snaps, tie firmly into place lest the gases formed in the fermenting milk force them out.

Stand for three hours in a warm place, then put in a moderately cool cupboard for two days, shaking thoroughly three or four times a day. On the third day open the bottles and pour the contents into a bowl to allow the effervescence to pass away. This will take from ten to fifteen minutes. Whip with an egg beater, return to the bottles and place directly on the ice to prevent any return of the fermentation. As soon as chilled it is ready to use. It may thicken slightly during its exposure to the air, but this is no objection.

SUMMER CONVENTIONS.

Summer conventions promote good fellowship, stimulate patriotism, expand the mental horizon, refine manners and serve the good end of making the nation better acquainted with itself. Viewed in their commercial aspect, they increase railway earnings, swell the volumes of retail trade and diffuse money into new channels.—New York World.

ALL FOR LILLIAN

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

When, in the midst of a brilliant career, Lillian Beach suddenly left the stage to marry John Carrol, their friends, while giving them their best wishes, held grave doubts concerning the expedience of the marriage.

Lillian was a "profitable star," and was well on the way to making a great fortune for herself and for her manager. Complex in character, impulsive in action, warmhearted and generous to a fault, she let herself be ruled by her mood of the moment, and when it was over, she took herself to task if she had acted unwisely.

Her marriage to John Carrol was the result of one of these moods. Their engagement was of long-standing, but John had patiently waited for Lillian to signify her willingness to leave the stage and be married.

"I shall not urge you," he said, "it is for you to decide. When you can come to me without feeling a regret for the life you are leaving, then come. Dearest, you know that I am waiting—our home is waiting. Doesn't the word 'home' call you a little, Lillian?" he said wistfully.

Carrol was a mentally strong man; a dependable man, but he would not coerce Lillian into becoming his wife. He loved her with the rare unselfishness that placed her happiness above all else, and he feared to take her from the fascination and triumphs of the stage, until she was sure she was quite ready. Carrol was a man of wealth, and of wide knowledge, but he preferred to live a life of obscurity, having found the peace that dwells therein.

The home he had prepared for Lillian was a labor of love that helped to fill his heart and mind when she was traveling. He had bought an old mansion of stately proportions. It was located a few miles away from a big city, and was surrounded with spacious grounds, where grew great trees that were survivals of the ancient forest. There were shrubs and flowers—old-fashioned flowers—and perennials which for years had blossomed in one soil. Through the kitchen garden, ran a swift, little brook, whose waters took the color of the shining, brown pebbles of its bed, and whose banks were fringed with mint and water cress.

John did not change the exterior appearance of the house, but left it as it had been originally designed. Its massive timbers had withstood the test of time and looked as if they might endure for ages. Within its walls, the semblance of its early days was preserved. It was a house which seemed filled with domestic history and neighborly occasions, and John, in spite of his calm, grave manner, was quick to feel the atmosphere of any place he might enter. The house, to him, spelled "home," and he furnished it accordingly. Occasionally Lillian found time to go shopping with him. She took a childish delight in hunting out rare, old pieces, which John was remarkably quick in discovering.

And so the home grew. Bit by bit it was furnished with things that fitted its rooms, and bit by bit it took on a "homey" look, though a care-taker was its only occupant. John would not live in it alone.

"It was not meant for bachelor's hall," he said; "when you are ready to come, then it will be home in reality."

"I'll come soon, John," Lillian promised, "I want to have one more season, and then I'm sure I shall be tired of the theatre, and shall like being 'at home' for ever and ever."

Lillian made this promise many times, and, at last she fulfilled it. A play that failed, a disagreement with her manager, and various little annoyances, put her out of sorts with her world, and she decided she would leave it. She sent for John. When he came, she held out her slender, flexible hands with their soft palms upturned appealingly.

"I want to come home, John," she told him. "I want to come home." He did not stop to question whether she was acting from impulse or decision.

"It is time," he answered simply, holding her close in his arms.

Their marriage took place in the late summer, and, after a short wedding journey, Lillian insisted that she wished to go home. When they reached there, before entering the wide-open doors, they stood on the veranda which extended across the front of the house, gazing over the broad domain. It was between the light and dark of evening. A cool, spicy smell came up from the grass. The chirping, interminable song of hidden insects, sounded shrilly in the country stillness. In the dusk, the trees looked like trees in a stage setting. To Lillian it all seemed strange, unreal, fascinating, and it appealed to the actress part of her nature.

John stood by her side, watching her closely, fearing the loneliness might depress her. She turned her face toward him, and its expression dispelled his fear.

"We shall be very happy here," she whispered, tenderly.

Her prophecy was true—until the novelty wore away, then she began to grow restless and to long for something different. She missed the excitement of the stage. Her thoughts turned to it frequently. The life she was living, contained all that was sane and normal, and therefore the most enduring, but to Lillian it was not satisfying.

Letters from her former manager increased her restlessness. They were urgent letters in which he implored her not to turn her back irrevocably upon her fame. "You know the public soon forgets those who are not always under its observation," he warned her.

When she was married, he had taken it as a matter of course that matrimony would be only a short interruption of her stage career, but when the interruption proved to be much longer than he expected, he grew alarmed and importunate.

John, looking on, saw and understood the signs of her struggle. He was too wise to force his will upon her. He knew he had something to contend with, stronger than his influence, and his part was that of submission.

The inevitable came. Lillian went back to the stage. Everything possible in the way of advertising was done to announce the return to dramatic circles of the great emotional actress, Lillian Beach.

Lillian plunged into the preparations with the enthusiasm of a novice. A play was secured for her, written by a famous playwright. She was supported by a company of talented actors; all the devices practiced by theatre managers were employed to attract the public, and yet the play failed. Lillian as charming and beautiful as ever, did not draw the audiences that crowded the theatre before her marriage. There was no apparent reason for her failure; it was one of those inexplicable incidents which often happen in the dramatic profession. The theatre-goers did not care for the play, and, to all appearances, they did not care for Lillian. It was the bitterest and blackest moment of her life when the truth was forced upon her. She was a failure, both as a wife and an actress. She refused to try a new play; she would not go back to John, or even see him.

"I cannot see you at present," she wrote to him, "please, if you love me, do not come."

While she wrote, the letters ran together and blurred before her tear-dimmed eyes.

Until we are barred out of Paradise, we never reach the true perception of our mistakes. Lillian had taken her own way; it had brought her to a blank wall. On the other side was John, but had she the right to ask him to lift her over? She was awaking to a truer understanding of things. "I am the master of my fate." This she had believed and practiced. Now she was learning it was not true. She was learning, too, that her stage failure was because her zest for the mimic world was gone. She could never again be a player. The realities of love and home had crept too deeply into her heart to be lightly relinquished.

John obeyed her request to the extent of leaving her to herself for a few days. In her note to him, he read the cry of a soul in distress. It was not easy to stay away from his wife, when she was in stress of mind, but he felt she was coming out of the dark into the light, and, perhaps it were better for her to come part of the way alone.

Soon after their marriage he began to believe it was his faithfulness that had won her. His place in her life was that of one she could fall back on when she was wearied of all else. He had tried to make her happy; probably he had tried too hard. The craving in her blood for the stage, had not been satisfied at the time of their marriage. Since her return to the stage had proved a failure, perhaps now, was the crucial moment.

Her failure had not effected John beyond the sorrow he felt for her disappointment. He did not wish his wife to be on the stage. And, in thinking the situation over, he grew light-hearted. He was certain that his real chance had come, but it required delicate handling.

When John Carrol went to see his wife, he asked to be shown directly to her rooms in the hotel where they had often been together. He tapped on her door. Without waiting for an answer he opened it and entered the room. Lillian was sitting at one of the windows, gazing vacantly at the buildings across the street.

"Good morning, Lillian," he said, pleasantly, as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

At the sound of his voice, she sprang to her feet and stood staring at him, wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Why, John, John!" she exclaimed, "I didn't expect you to come until I asked you."

"I was tired of waiting for an invitation," he told her. "Haven't I the right to visit my wife if I want to?" he questioned, cheerfully. Man-like, he wished to avoid an emotional scene.

He sat down on a couch that stood near and motioned Lillian to come and sit beside him. Almost blinded with tears she sank on the floor at his feet and hid her face in her hands. She could not follow his lead. She had condemned herself, and, with John as her judge, she must make confession. That he would be a lenient judge, she knew when she felt the caressing touch of his hand on her hair.

"You are better to me, than I deserve," she murmured, brokenly. "Don't you see, don't you understand, I left you willingly, to return to the stage? I couldn't be satisfied in our beautiful home where I was loved and cherished, as only a man like you can love and cherish a woman. It was not enough. I thought I wanted the glitter. I wanted to be——," her head sank lower. "Oh John!" she burst out, "I wanted to be on exhibition."

She felt his hand on her hair tremble for an instant, but it was scarcely the time of a breath before it resumed its caressing motion. The rest of her confession came with a rush of words as if she could not speak fast enough.

"You, alone, were not sufficient to gratify my vanity. I wanted thousands to admire me and be swayed by my power. Power," she repeated contemptuously, "I'm the weakest of all things. I'm a failure. And my failure to you, matters the most. I care nothing for anything else."

Her confession was finished. There was a hush in the room. Lillian thought it was ominous. Timidly she looked up to seek her fate in the expression of John's face. What she saw there caused her eyes to brighten.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed, "you look glad. You look as if you were almost laughing. I don't understand. You look glad—glad," she repeated, beating her clenched hand upon his knee.

He bent to her and lifted her in his arms.

"Why shouldn't I look glad," he returned in a voice that held a note of jubilance, "Why shouldn't I look glad, when you've just told me how much you love me? It's time we were home, dearie, time we were home."

ENGLISHMEN AS EATERS

English people, said a leading French journal the other day, are taking drinking less, but England is becoming a nation of gluttons.

In order to find out whether there was any justification for this charge the writer paid a visit to Mr. Joseph Lyons, the managing director of the famous catering firm, and asked his opinion. "I may say at once," said Mr. Lyons, according to Tit-Bits, "that the assertion that England is fast becoming a nation of gluttons is absolutely groundless, though I think there can be no doubt that the average diner today is far more particular about the manner in which his food is cooked than he was, say, ten or fifteen years ago.

"Public taste in food, too, has altered in this way. Not many years ago the table d'hote dinner was not nearly as fashionable as is now the case, and probably the fact that a seven or eight-course dinner can be acquired for a very moderate sum is largely responsible for the idea which many foreigners seem to hold that we in England eat more than is good for us. However, from the point of view of quantity, the table d'hote dinner is most misleading, for although at first sight it would seem that there must be more actual food consumed in a dinner of several courses than in a chop or steak meal with vegetables, yet as a matter of fact such is not the case, and those who dine off a chop, steak or cut from the joint actually partake of more food than the epicure who prefers a number of varied courses. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the chop or steak meal is generally followed by bread, butter and cheese, so that the balance of avoirdupois is altogether on the side of the non table d'hote diner.

"As far as the upper and middle classes are concerned the charge of overeating is quite groundless. But the British workman as well has come in for his share of opporbrium, for it has been frequently stated that he has a tendency 'to hide' more food than is good for him. This again is another injustice to England, for although, thanks to the improvement in the methods of catering, a working man can now enjoy a clean, comfortable meal in a neatly appointed eating house for a few pence instead of having to carry his dinner with him when he sets out for work in the morning there is absolutely no justification for the statement that he is prone to overeat."

The manager of the Ritz hotel is of the opinion that while fashions in the gastronomic world change almost as regularly as they do in the world of the modiste yet there is no foundation for the calumny of overeating leveled against the English nation. "Time was," he told the writer, "when a feeling of repletion would seem to have been considered essential to a good dinner; but all that is changed, and today no chef could look for a higher compliment than to serve a dinner comprising, say, six or seven courses, after partaking of which the diners would leave feeling an inclination to sit down to another meal at once.

"Such an inclination would not be the result of lack either of quantity or quality, but would arise from having been fed with tact and discretion—and a chef should be as tactful as a nurse or a doctor. No, though taste in foods has recently changed, and will surely continue to change from time to time, yet, happily, I do not think for an instant that the English, as a nation, are in the slightest degree inclined to gluttony. Indeed, rather the opposite is the case, for especially in hot weather these days, light meals are particularly fashionable."

There is no busier thoroughfare in the East End of London than the City Road, which at midday is daily thronged with crowds of hungry workers who flock to the many restaurants and eating houses situated there during their 'luncheon interval.' Inquiry at the most of these restaurants elicited the fact that while from the skilled mechanic earning from £3 to £4 a week down to the humble errand boy and work girl a tendency to be more particular in the way food is served has been noticed yet within the past few years no greater quantity of food has been consumed than was the case a decade ago.

"Our customers are harder to please now," said the proprietor of a large restaurant at the corner of Old street, which at the luncheon interval is invariably filled to overflowing, "but I certainly do not think that they eat more than they did when I first commenced business here; but I can say that the style of serving up dishes ten years ago 'wouldn't wash' today. You see, competition in the catering business is yearly growing keener, and through this competition customers have benefited; now they want the best, and nothing but the best, for their money, and they see that they get it, too."

"It is ridiculous for foreigners to say that English people eat too much," the manager of a popular restaurant in Leicester Square, largely frequented by members of the theatrical profession, told the writer, "for I consider that, as in drinking, so in eating, within recent years there has been a pronounced tendency to greater moderation, and while, a few years ago, it was not an unusual thing for customers to sit for from an hour to an hour and a half over lunch, now, especially among business people, the midday meal rarely lasts longer than from half an hour to three-quarters."

STRONG CEMENT

The following cement is said to stick on anything: Take of clear gum arabic two ounces, of fine starch 1½ ounces and of white sugar half an ounce. Reduce the gum arabic to powder and dissolve it in as much water as a laundress would use to render 1½ ounces of starch fit for use. Disolve the starch and sugar in the gum solution. Then place the mixture in a vessel and plunge the vessel itself into boiling water, and let it remain there until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and remain so. It can be kept from spoiling by dropping in a lump of gum camphor or a little oil of cloves or sassafras. This cement is said to be very strong indeed, and will cause glazed surfaces to adhere perfectly. It is useful for repairing specimens of rocks, minerals or fossils that may have been accidentally broken.

Fought Bees High in Air.

Philadelphia Record.

Allentown, Pa.—Battling with a swarm of bees at the top of a 50-foot pole, Henben Landis and Grant Christian had a narrow escape from being stung to death at Northampton. The bees were discovered in a telephone box when the linemen climbed the pole. In a nest of wires in the box the bees built their comb and stored the honey.

As soon as they were

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 202,000

It is so easy to say that a state is doubtful. We nominate Texas.

Hands up! President Castro, of Venezuela, is going to write a book.

If Castro were a bigger man somebody would have whipped him long ago.

When the aeronauts form a trust we will know that the navigation of the air is a success.

There are two sides to every question except the one which is most dear to your heart.

According to the census department there are 70,000,000 hogs in America, not counting, etc.

The Goldfield miner who left his fortune to the girl who jilted him must have been mighty glad of it.

The fellows who are trying to raise Bryan campaign funds don't think there is much prosperity in the country.

The office sometimes seeks the man, but how he does hustle after he gets the nomination.

Greece is talking over the back-yard fence with Persia for the first time in 2,399 years.

Having laid down his arms, Admiral Robley D. Evans no longer has any use for his sea-legs.

It is coming. Some day we will hear of rules requiring airships to turn to the right when passing.

Small hats are said to be in fashion, now that we have just begun to know how to dodge the big ones.

The price of silver is dropping again, but the price of silver and Mr. Bryan no longer speak as they pass.

The aeronaut who can sell an airship to the government at a big price should be able to make the money fly.

Mr. Bryan will make just enough speeches during the campaign to keep in practice for the lecture platform.

The mule sent Mr. Bryan kicked a newspaper correspondent. This is a great season for campaign advertising.

That $10,000 limit on campaign subscriptions seems to have discouraged a lot of Democrats throughout the country.

One nice thing about Mr. Hobson's prediction of war between the United States and Japan is that Japan is to get licked.

Probably not more than one-third of the people will believe the stories of the number of fish Mr. Taft catches at Middle Bass.

A Chicago newspaper has discovered a new religious creed on the south side of that city. Keep your hands on your pocketbooks.

The Standard Oil company will spend thirteen million dollars for new pipe lines, but not a cent for court fines—if it can be helped.

In New York city a baby is born every three minutes, but it is not the fault of the baby and cannot reasonably be held against it.

Anybody who has $200,000 to invest in a forlorn hope will find the People's party willing to accept the amount for campaign purposes.

Reports from Panama say that the canal may be completed in 1912, the year Mr. Bryan is to make his fourth try for the presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt, when he goes to Africa, will take a camera with him, but it will bother some of the jungle animals to look pleasant.

Those Young Turks seem to be right in town. Probably the next thing we hear will be that they are going to abolish unnecessary noises.

Minnesota Democrats cheered Governor Johnson for one hour. They couldn't go much beyond that without hurting somebody's feelings.

In China a wife may be divorced for talking too much. In this country, where is there a judge who could decide when a wife talks too much?

"A Pittsburg girl offers $450 for a husband." But if she gets one at that price he will have no assurance that she will not trade him for a $30 pianola.

Eight or twelve years from now we will be getting inquiries asking about the party platforms of 1908. It takes some people a long time to get interested in such things.

One of the kaiser's sons is chopping down trees and digging postholes to reduce his flesh. If he lived in this country he might get all the exercise he needed by running for President.

It has taken 100 volumes in Chinese to print the life of Li Hung Chang. And yet he lived but 78 years. If Minister Wu lives 200 years it will require a whole library to do him justice.

The Houston Post is trying hard to convince the Texas Democrats that if they contribute a dollar to the Bryan campaign fund they will get a postoffice, but so far one-tenth of a cent per capita is the amount shelled out.

A physician says that only a monomaniac can think of one subject continuously for five minutes. And yet anybody can recall a politician who never thought of anything but an office since he has been old enough to vote.

IN THE SADDLE.

The opening guns have been fired. The battle is on. Cautiously, the commanding candidates move forward the vedettes to scan the position of the enemy. The heavy artillery on the Virginia hilltops is swung in its arc to see that it moves smoothly and easily while the lash is cracked over the backs of the mules hauling eastward the siege guns from Nebraska. The campaign is officially started.

It would be a happy prospect if the war of the parties could be treated throughout its troubled weeks with persiflage. It would be a sign that the matter of who should be helmsman made no great difference, that one leader was as good as the other, either was to be trusted and neither was to be feared. There has been talk that personalities and bitterness would be marked in this campaign by their absence. The wise shake their heads dubiously. The millennium is not with us in this year of 1908.

There is nothing of great import to be read in the first speeches. Neither candidate is playing his best cards. They understand the value of reserve forces. Mr. Taft gave more attention to prodding holes in the watchword "Shall the people rule?" than it deserved. The thing is all but stillborn. It was laughed to death by the people themselves, who recognized the why and wherefore of the catch phrase. As Mr. Taft says, the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt are sufficient evidences that the people of America have ruled more than their fathers or their grandfathers thought they were capable of. Another charge, it would seem, the Republican nominee has treated more seriously than it had a right to demand. This is that the department of justice has been dilatory in prosecuting the malefactors against the Sherman and the rate laws. The idea that testimony can be arranged for, that briefs can be prepared, that defendants can be brought into court, all within a month or two, in such cases as the granting of rebates or the forming of trusts, is utter folly. Had justice been prodded at this speed the Democratic platform would have shouted "unholy."

The Bryan speech calls for no rolling up of sleeves or bracing of shoulders. He, too, has led with test feints. Being in Iowa he uses the "Iowa Idea" for his theme. A sample of the peculiar Bryan reasoning appears in his promise that under Democratic control articles coming into competition with a trust would go on the free list and the trust be legalized out of existence. Yet, later, he says Democracy demands a gradual change that will ultimately produce a tariff levied for necessary purposes of revenue only. How his free list will be kept from stepping upon gradual change is not explained, which, of course, invites the old flippancy that no one should be so unkind as to analyze Bryan.

The campaign music has opened softly. If the bass drum and the cymbals and the tuba are permitted to rest untouched until the rhapsody of the closing week, The Blade suspects the country will be well content.

PUNISHING THE HAZERS.

When the President approved the dismissal of two West Point hazers and the suspension of the other six, he caused a frightful amount of advice to go unheeded and great heaps of criticism to steam to waste. He little realizes, it may be, how he has confounded those opponents of his who have been scoring him over the shoulders of the eight cadets.

In other years the youngsters found guilty of making lower classmen stand on their heads or stick out their tongues in rhythm to whistled bugle calls have escaped with punishment not much worse than expulsion. But the present lot caught something they will remember. When it appeared probable that Mr. Roosevelt would pardon them the vitriol pots were sent for. Editors unfriendly to Oyster Bay told what they thought of hazing. "Cowardly ruffianism" was one of the milder terms. "As disgraceful a bunch of cubs as ever got into the Point" was a clause to tune up on. One New York paper gave the cue by saying that "if executive clemency is exercised for these incipient brutes the country will be enabled to view again the fatal policies it endorsed in 1904." And so on.

Such descriptions of the hazing that prevailed at West Point last spring as got into the press indicate that it was rather an inane affair than one either cruel or humiliating. This was what must have made the President hesitate about enforcing the law to its limit. There are surely degrees of hazing. More real ragging takes place in the class clashes of a prairie college in a minute than a military academy cadet of the present day suffers in a year. The punishment as decided upon is adequate, that is certain.

However, there'll be more advice and more criticism. The cadets, because of an attitude not entirely unfriendly to them, will learn something of the kind of invective they don't have in the army.

PUNISHMENT FOR LYNCHERS.

It is a hopeful sign for Illinois that that state is going about the task of punishing the lynchers at Springfield. If the prosecution can cause the hanging of one or two ringleaders and the dispatch of half a dozen others to the penitentiary it will have done more to break up any latent tendency to mob violence than crying "shame" for a century.

For the men and, in the Springfield case, the women who take part in such riots do so with the feeling that they are safe from future harm. They trust to numbers to carry out their fiendish cowardliness and to escape. If there had been threat of reprisal ahead, this pack of jackals would have stayed at home and snarled over its bones. It knew that other lynchers had gone free without number, that rioters seldom were caught, and still less often sent to jail, that the practice, in fact, of stringing negroes to telegraph poles had become nearly an American institution, like stealing government lands, or looting municipal treasuries. Here is the opportunity to teach a hard, swift and effective lesson to the contrary.

One difficulty the prosecution faces. It has chosen to proceed against everyone involved, having issued 700 warrants, instead of trying to convict the leaders. The large number of cases is sure to load up the docket. In the confusion, influence will succeed in getting indictments shelved and forgotten. Out of weariness the courts of three or four years hence will dismiss a lot of the cases. And some of those in the front ranks, the actual murderers, may get away.

However, it is trusted, the authorities will bring their fists down so heavily that lynching will never again disgrace Illinois. Other states can then take heart.

M'LEAN'S ENNUI.

Catch that sound of gnashing of teeth? It is from faraway Lincoln, in the state of Nebraska. The news is just out there that John R. McLean has declared Bryan hasn't any more show of winning than a canary in a windstorm.

And from John R. McLean, too! Truly, fearfully woeful. John has had a seat in the doings of the Democratic party since somewhere about the time of the Edict of Nantes, though possibly not that far back. How many times has he been delegate-at-large to the national convention? Who knows? McLean would have to stop and figure it out himself. And other honors have been his without count, considerably more of honors than offices. For way back about the period when they were dedicating the Washington monument and Grover Cleveland was beginning to reign, John R. made a brisk, not to say, spirited race for the United States senate. He didn't arrive, of course. He never does. But he used up a lot of Democratic influence and Democratic votes. The year after the Spanish war he thought he had a chance to become governor of Ohio. He was disillusioned. And many Democrats along with him.

After such a record as a good and ambitious Democrat, was it not the limit of thoughtlessness—it wouldn't do to call it ingratitude—to poke Mr. Bryan such a sorry jab in the ribs? McLean intimates that there is no stopping the Republican headway. The great west—the Nebraskan's own, if he has any territory—is for Taft. The Democrats may have had a show a month ago, a fortnight ago, or even a week, McLean thinks, but now and henceforth it will simply be a matter of tabulating the endorsements. Magnificent crops and the renewal of prosperity are factors against Bryan, too. He will save time and worry by arranging his Chautauqua dates instead of talking into phonographs and yelping about the failures of the Roosevelt administration.

It may seem at first hard to understand McLean's unusual move at this time. But study of his editorial betrays a great weariness with the Bryan fetish. It has been waved so long that the partisans who used to fall down and worship, now keep their hats on and yawn. It seemed so useless to waste effort in half-hearted advocacy that John R. cut his mooring ropes and remarked "let's see what'll happen."

But out at Fairview it may look different.

THE CANAL IN FOUR YEARS.

Unhappy journalists of Paris! Miserable Poultney Bigelow! Work on the Panama Canal has progressed so far that the engineers in charge are calculating the date for the opening of the waterway for traffic.

Sometimes a prophet is without honor anywhere. Even in so inexact a science as constructing a forecast something tangible is necessary. The law of probability must have a look-in. So it was that the warnings of Paris and the voluble Mr. Bigelow fell in barren fields, except so far as they were able to collect from their publishers. The soothsayers of France cast their auguries upon the basis of an assumption that others could not succeed where Frenchmen had failed. They had the excuse of patriotism for their poor guessing. As for Bigelow there isn't any vindication unless the fact that he was working for Hearst at the time gives the right to plead irresponsibility. However, the raincrows on both sides of the Atlantic will be glad to have their croakings forgotten.

The prospects are that the canal will be completed by the year 1912. At the present rate of excavation vessels can be floated in parts of the course long before that. Last month the steam shovels removed more than two million more cubic yards than they did in July, 1907. The workers are finding means of proceeding with their labor without being greatly troubled by the heavy downpour of rain, which in the thirty-one days of July averaged 11.14 inches throughout the zone. In fact the water is used in no small degree for the advantage of the digging. While all records for excavation have been broken this summer it is possible that better showings will be made. There is still a reserve. More men can be employed without their crowding one another, or compelling the construction of more barracks and increasing the feeding arrangements. More machinery is on the way to the isthmus and, according to the report of the engineers, there remains much of the French equipment available.

The promise is that the canal will be formally opened within the administration of Mr. Taft, from two to five years earlier than the first estimates. It will be that president's privilege to dedicate it and to pass through this new channel upon the first vessel, which doubtless will be an American battleship. It will be peculiarly fitting if the honor falls to Mr. Taft, because he has been so much concerned in the digging of the canal and in the government of the American strip.

On second thought there is a way out for the seers. They can prophesy the destruction of the Gatun dam by earthquake and stick to that.

THE GOVERNOR'S FAITH.

Governor Harris knows the people of Ohio. He came from among them, has seen them in every phase, in every season, is familiar with their way of action and their manner of thought. The governor is one of the people of Ohio and may be taken as their pulse.

So when he expressed faith at Lancaster on Wednesday that the next legislature elected would go to Columbus prepared to reject all efforts to repeal the Rose county local option law, the state may feel assured that that is exactly what will happen. For the electors are not going to select men who will permit either the annulment of the statute or amendment which can cripple it. It would be the height of foolishness for the people to do so. The law leaves it with them whether liquor shall be sold, or not. It gives them the power which otherwise, in large measure, was left with the assembly. To relinquish this right would be like a healthy and responsible person surrendering to another the sole authority to write his signature.

The fight undertaken by the brewers to render the Rose law inoperative is a betrayal of a realization of their weak position with the community. They haven't the confidence to let the voters decide whether the liquor traffic be allowed to continue, or not. It is the people they fear, the majority. They do not dread the restrictions which the legislature will put upon them directly, or they are apprehensive in less degree. It is within reason to believe that the state assembly, at least for some years to come, will be content with the option law. It has all the appearance of practicability. Expert study of its provisions is said to have failed to find technicalites which will allow abuse to creep in. So it is likely to stand unaltered until it has had a thorough test. The average citizen is the one that inspires terror in the hearts of the liquor interests. And it is the average citizen the saloons are frantically anxious to circumvent. They know their hopes do not lie in his view of their business. His opposition to them, their methods and their power for evil and their willingness to exercise it, are well known to the sellers of whiskey. They concentrate their efforts then, not on the average citizen, but on means by which they can rob him of the privilege of saying whether his county shall be "wet" or "dry."

When Governor Harris declared that he could not believe the laws passed by the last legislature "in the interest of law and order and good government and happy homes" will be repealed by the next assembly, he spoke from his deep knowledge of the people of his state. His words may be accepted as a prediction. He has read the defeat of the brewery corruption fund before its distribution.

DIRECT PRIMARY RESULTS.

Two states have within a few days of each other made a test of the direct primary principle. The results appear to be somewhat mixed.

The earlier primary was held in Kansas. At the close of the day Chester I. Long discovered himself no longer in favor in the state. He was defeated for endorsement for the United States senate by Joseph L. Bristow, who is remembered as the investigator of the postoffice fraud cases. Mr. Bristow, when he returns to Washington, will be seated among many of those whom he named as participants in the postoffice graft. It was charged at the time of the investigation that the examiner had carried his work too far. Certainly the senators and representatives to whom attention was directed managed to get through the net. They may not be expected to meet Bristow at the station with a brass band.

The more interesting of the two primaries, that in Illinois, instead of preventing a fight in the state legislature, prepared a battle field for the candidates for United States senate. The returns show a lead for Albert J. Hopkins, at present holding the senatorship. But close by him is George Edmund Foss, and at Foss' shoulder is William E. Mason. The race was neck and neck.

LACE CURTAINS.

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

In five years we have distributed among our subscribers over 100,000 pairs of lace curtains. This has proved to be the most popular premium ever offered with the Weekly Blade, and upon the urgent request of so many of our subscribers who want more of them we have contracted for another season's supply. Remember we do not sell these curtains, but give them free for every club of ten subscribers.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By September 1st those whose subscriptions expire during September should have our propositions. If not received by September 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world, and will be the most popular paper printed during the presidential campaign. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to September subscribers only, and thirty days later the October people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our September propositions by October 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with October subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our September names and a large number of new ones as well.

The distance of one from another was so short as to be insignificant. The result is that the struggle is put up to the Republican caucus at Springfield next January. There is every promise of a deadlock. And out of this may come such bitterness and exasperation that the state is very likely to curse direct primary instead of praising it. Sometimes a poor system fails of gaining repairs when the number of carpenters is multiplied.

The vote for the nomination for governor came out less awkwardly. Charles S. Deneen was re-endorsed, and Richard Yates was invited to return to obscurity. The Deneen-Yates contest, so far as the newspapers were concerned, has been more savage than the attempt to retire Senator Hopkins. Yates was called a mercenary politician, a political quack, a vote for him being a step in "retrogression and demoralization." Mr. Yates' feelings were consoled by reading the same thing said of Governor Deneen.

The direct primary is still to demonstrate a consistent usefulness. It confused conditions in Oregon so that a Republican legislature must elect a Democratic senator. Kansas seems to have fared reasonably well. Illinois has still a distressing collision ahead for it.

JOB 5:7; 19:20.

"Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

Sanford Converse, a retired farmer of Ware, Mass., advertised for a housekeeper. Want "ads," you know, bring results. The one insertion brought them to Mr. Converse, by the bushel basketful, by the mail wagon load, by telephone, by telegraph, by passenger car lots. He said housekeeper, but to most of those who saw the advertisement, it read wife. The first day it amused him, especially when he talked with the three who rode up in hired automobiles. The second day he became uneasy, and on the third he barred the door to personal callers. At last accounts he had packed his trunk and was about to try the efficacy of another "ad" which should announce that he had left indefinitely for parts unknown.

"I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

REVENUE FROM RESERVES.

A practical value in the forest reserves which has no relation to the conservation of timber resources or the protection of water courses is evidenced in the credits placed to the states under the law by which they receive 25 per cent of the income from the lands.

In the last fiscal year the sum of $1,789,252 has been derived from the reserves. The distribution varys from $313 for Arkansas to $75,000 for Montana. The money is derived from rentals for grazing, from the sale of timber, which amount, for example, in Montana, California and Colorado, to more than $50,000 each as their shares, from special uses, principally the use of water power. In Idaho, where the sheep are permitted to browse in the fertile valleys of the tracts, so much has been collected that the state is to get $56,000. There is even an income from lands set aside in Kansas and Nebraska for experimental forestry, the former drawing $554 and the latter $2,350.

This is a wise law in several ways. It is an assured sum which must be applied to schools and to the building of roads. It will serve to make the states watchful of the income and anxious to increase it. And lastly, though not the least, it will teach the importance of the reserves.

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST.

"The world will starve," cried Sir William Crookes ten years ago. By 1928, he said, the sources of food will be so narrowed, the nitrogen of the soil will be so close to exhaustion, population will have increased so alarmingly, production of wheat will have so narrowed, that the vital problem before humanity will be bread.

What changes ten years have wrought! What discoveries man has made! Sir William's warning was based on strict scientific lines. With such data at his hand he was justified in ringing the alarm bells. But, in the light of the years of experiment the Crookes prediction slips away into the illimitable vistas of the future. His forecast is as dead a thing as the skull of a mound builder in a museum, a curiosity gummed with labels.

The fear that fields will go barren for want of nitrogen, since fertilizers were becoming scarce, has passed. In this country, in Norway and in Germany ways have been found for taking the nitrogen from the air by electrical apparatus. The process of inoculating the soil promises to develop into a fixed agricultural practice. The tillable land of the world has by no means been surveyed. A part of what was desert when Crookes made his estimate will shortly blossom under the life-giving streams of irrigation systems. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been made to raise the heaviest of crops in those ten years and, within the next decade, a greater empire still will be added to the United States. The example of this country has served as an incentive to other nations and they, too, are broadening their farms.

Instead of there being a narrowing of the production of wheat, a tremendous and actually revolutionary increase in yield is about to affect the markets of the world. After the four or five years that Alaska wheat has been developing from that single marvelous head found in the territory, the government experts are prepared to report that it will yield up to 222 bushels to the acre, that it will withstand frosts, heavy winds and a sparse rainfall, that the great area of the south and the west will become a hard-wheat country, and that even the outworn lands of New England may grow the Alaska wheat at a profit.

And as a further, but at this time merely incidental, source of food supply, attention has been directed to the limitless quantity of seaweed, the value of which is unknown except to a few, that goes to waste. It has been found to be rich in protein and the manner of preparing it for consumption is less complicated than turning wheat into flour. Think what the return of the Sargasso sea will be when ships put out for the harvest.

The Crookes danger signal has served the purpose of stimulating ingenuity and research. But the threat of which he wrote has been indefinitely postponed to the next glacial age.

The man who puts off smiling till tomorrow is never very pleasant today.

THE REAL ISSUE.

James S. Sherman, in accepting the Republican nomination for the vice presidency, rang the bell on the real issue of the national campaign. He did so with singular clearness, without circumlocution, or any avoidance of those responsibilities which the Democratic nominee for the presidency sought to heap upon the shoulders of his opponents. Mr. Sherman's address will be remembered both for its brevity and its directness.

His answer to the battle whoop of Bryan "Shall the people rule?" a phrase devised as a candle for votes, was of extreme good sense. The people have ruled where they have chosen to rule, they do rule, and they will continue to rule. Where the failures for public control have occurred they have been traced, as they can always be, to the apathy of the people themselves. And the aiming of this shot "Shall the people rule?" in the direction of President Roosevelt was particularly inane in the light of the fact that his popular vote was the largest ever given to a candidate in this country. Mr. Sherman, in dismissing it with a few words, paid it more attention than the phrase actually deserved.

It has been charged that Mr. Sherman would adopt a policy of opposition to the revision of the tariff since he had in the past been so ardent a protectionist. Yesterday he not merely gave his pledge to hasten such alterations in the schedules as are considered needful, but he also expressed himself as heartily in support of the principle.

Labor can ask no more than Mr. Sherman would give it, equality before the law. In attempting to deliver the vote of the unions to Bryan, Mr. Gompers doubtless now realizes that he has been hasty. The declarations of certain labor conventions, since their leader's action, must be taken as a rebuff to his belief in his personal influence and as a whisper from the individual laboring man's faith in his ability to come to his own decision in the matter of casting his ballot. And the Republican party offers labor as much as it can fairly ask, though perhaps, in terms less bombastic than the Democrats employ.

But the real issue of the year, as Mr. Sherman declares, is whether the policies of Mr. Roosevelt shall be endorsed, whether in the opinion of the country the present President is right or wrong, whether trust shall be placed in the doctrine as laid down, whether, in short, Rooseveltism shall live or die. Mr. Taft and Mr. Sherman stand bound by their words and by all morality to carry the work on.

It is conceded nearly everywhere except in quarters where such an admission would be indiscreet, that the Taft ticket will be carried by a large plurality. In November Mr. Bryan will receive the answer to his question "Shall the people rule?" It will sound something like "They surely will."

NIGHT-RIDING POLITICS.

Politics was never called upon to do queerer business than that of pronouncing whether night-riding is right or wrong, whether it shall be broken up, or be given approval as a public policy.

This is the thing that will be put up to the voters of the Third judicial district of Kentucky. Each side, the outlaws and the law and order element, will have its candidates in the field. The leaders in the movement to stop the barn-burning and the flogging are coming out openly with their candidates. The others must perforce do their electioneering with circumvention and with some degree of secrecy. Yet they do not have to toil entirely in the dark. For the four counties in the district are strongly favorable to the lawlessness. A correspondent for the Louisville Courier Journal calls it the nursery of night-rider lodges.

The contest must present such anomalies as sometime appear in sections where the question of local option is foremost. A candidate is compelled to present a front of supporting the enforcement of the law and the encouragement of morality while, at the same time, giving his pledge that violence will not be punished and the disorderly may continue their practice without dread of interference. There must be a lot of talk which is nothing else than dust-throwing. Underground agents must be employed to carry the word that all will be well. Lay low for the present. Your time will come after I am in office. Then you can destroy crops, blacksnake your neighbor and murder and destroy to your soul's delight. Surely a pleasant prospect for the man chosen to head the ticket of the night-riders. The chances are he has a wife who keeps the baby's bank locked up.

Poor Kentucky, torn and stained and disgraced. The road to Jerico would be a place to hold a Sunday school convention in beside it. It is pitiful that such an issue should be presented to its people. It speaks for a want of a sense of decency among a large class in the Third judicial district. Instead of one of the conventional symbols to head the ballot should be the hideous disguise the night-riders wear, the white mask, which fittingly enough is the pattern of that which the lepers of Morocco are compelled to use to hide the horrors of disease.

For the character of all Kentucky let us trust that the law and order banner will carry the day. For the name of all America let us have faith that no man who favors such cowardly brutality as the night-riders are guilty of will be elevated to office.

FUTURE IN THE NAVY.

When gunpowder added its din and terror to Crecy, Europe failed to read the writing. The armourers of Milan continued at their forges until the cuirass was a work of art, chased with gold and adorned with enamel. The sword makers of Toledo still made the great broad two-handed sword and the forests of Auverne were searched for the straight, springy saplings from which were turned the long spears. Yet gunpowder was firing the knell to armor and ancient chivalry.

So it might be that the fighting machine of today, the battleship, has approached the apex of its utility. There are signs of a new order, destruction altering its weapons. Yet navies proceed to multiply their vessels of war, keeping to the lines in general of the developed monitor. The United States is building five battleships and appropriations are available for four others, two of the latter being voted by the last congress. Great Britain, in its struggle to maintain a heavier armament than Germany, is increasing its force of battleships with such speed as it can command. But its ambition goes much farther. The English government is now considering a loan for naval defense which amounts to more than a half billion of dollars, fifty millions more. It is said to have received offers of the money at a nominal interest from patriotic financiers. The scheme is declared to be evolved in the hope of checking by sheer financial boldness the competition in naval power.

Whatever Britain's intention and whatever the praiseworthy motives of those who clamor for more battleships for the American navy, the proffers of invention cannot long be ignored. They have lain on the doorsteps of admiralty offices far more than official custom should say. Some of the suggestions are visionary. Some are admittedly practical. Others are rebuffed on the ground that they are revolutionary, as if all things nowadays were not going through such a process.

The observant citizen will have noticed the number of ingenious persons who are giving their time to designing alternations in naval equipment. There is an actual demand for something to lift the burden of armaments. Out of necessity is bred the thing needful. It may not be present today, but it is certainly close at hand.

The dilatory actions of a slow-going naval administration at Washington sped Hiram Stevens Maxim to London where his automatic firearms were bought with eagerness and his name made longer with a title. His brother, Hudson Maxim, the inventor of the first explosive to penetrate heavy armorplate, has lately projected a form of torpedo boat, half-submerged, which can be driven at forty to sixty miles an hour. Its motive force is motorite, a self-combustive material with surprising energy. While Hudson Maxim claims for his invention only that it permits of rapid and fairly safe approach to battleships, it is full of suggestion of power beyond this. For if the sinking of battleships is reduced to the simple discharge of an explosive beneath vessels' hulls, the torpedo to be placed by a small and cheaply constructed boat which moves at a speed hard for the eye to follow and impossible for a gunner to train his sights upon, then battleships will have lost their usefulness. Their final extinction waits but on opportunity.

Efficiency, it has often been noted, reaches its highest perfection just before final abandonment. The battleship may soon be one with the armor of Milan.

A NEARING REVOLUTION.

Portugal is unsatisfied. Reform has failed, except to whet the appetite for more.

The promise of the early months of King Manuel's reign, following the assassination of King Carlos and the crown prince and the flight of the prime minister across the border, has not been fulfilled. The country, for a time, seemed to be benumbed by the shock of the regicide. It was thankful to accept the least betterment as long as the sounds of the murderers' rifles were echoing through the land.

In spite of the efforts of the censor to suppress the news, dispatches have recently come out of Portugal indicating that the revolution is drawing nearer daily. A large trade has sprung up in smuggled arms and ammunition. The arrest of men believed to be concerned in the importation has apparently had no effect in lessening the distribution of guns and cartridges among the discontents. An English correspondent writes that all the movement lacks is a leader of sufficient genius. It will be real revolution then, and not threats.

Though assassination has never an excuse, and bomb-throwing is the resort usually of cowards, the Portuguese rebels have command of a large share of American sympathy. They have been sadly misgoverned. Carlos looted his country for money with which to pander to his dissipations. He repaid it with a cheap show of democracy and the elevation of a horde of greedy officials. The annual revenue for a decade has been exceeded by the expenditures. Taxes have been levied to the point of causing emigration, of turning cultivated fields into waste places, and of stifling enterprise. An inquisitorial police system has been developed since the accession of the young Manuel, yet without crushing the agitation for amelioration of the oppressions.

Annual grants to the royal family, a large constabulary and an army out of proportion to the size of the country, which eat up great slices of the revenue, officialdom as voracious as ravens, all these seem a large burden for Portugal, with an area smaller than that of the state of Ohio, to bear. The country has a population less than a million more than that of this commonwealth. Not merely misgovernment, but overgovernment, have heaped woes upon a people noted for their good nature and their industry.

The purging of the ills of Portugal is in incapable hands. The signs point to a change of physicians through means most deplorable, but which, in famous instances, have proved effective.

INDIANA'S VOTE FIXED.

Mr. Kern, the Democratic candidate for the vice presidency, is a political analyist in excellent running order. His figures come out as easily and smoothly as if that appeal to the farmers to chip in on the campaign fund was having results. He was in Iowa the other day and looked things over. When he came away he pulled out his notebook and put the state in the sure-for-Bryan column.

As Indiana has been honored with a name on the ticket, Mr. Kern has every reason to believe there'll be no trouble with the voting there. But a little thing in statistics has just bobbed up which double-clinches the state. It appears that within a year Indiana has increased its population of mules by 3,000. There are 67,591 of these useful and Democratic citizens within the borders. Mr. Kern can now sleep an hour longer in the morning. The mules have kicked the door to, so that, even if it would the state cannot escape. It is no more doubtful than that John W. will be early at the polls.

Baltimore, following the lead of New York state, has started a vigorous crusade against the cocaine evil, which is said to be particularly prevalent among the negroes of that city. An ordinance prohibiting the easy sale of the drug, and making persons found with it in their possession subject to arrest, has passed the city council, and Mayor Mahool has promised to sign it.

VARIETIES

Last year 29,208 vessels entered the port of London.

The stopping of an express train requires twice as much power as starting it.

Curbing of perils on railroads demanded by Indiana commission.

The horses of Iceland are shod with sheep's horns.

Electricity was first used as a motive force about 25 years ago.

Dr. Mary Crawford, only woman in balance surgeon in New York, is bound and choked by maniac.

Replies to inquiries sent to 4,000 business men and bankers by Commercial National bank show prosperity.

Receivers' report shows the Metropolitan Street railway of New York is operated at a loss of $8,140,000 a year.

King Leopold's personal rule of the Congo near an end; Belgian deputies pass annexation treaty and he will accept.

Turkey holds the record for the number of aged persons in proportion to the population.

Bread, cheese and beer was the supper given to a three-months-old baby, it was stated in a case at Brentford (London) police court.

Lusitania clips three hours and seventeen minutes from westward Atlantic record and also lowers figure for best day's run by seven knots.

Gen. Morteza Kahn, Persian minister to the United States, estimates that within the last few years 20,000 persons have been killed in political riots in Persia.

Australia's largest cattle herd is that running on the Victoria river station, northern territory, 320 miles south of Port Darwin. It numbers 60,000 head.

Government of The Netherlands will have a free hand in dealing with Venezuela, the United States making it sole proviso that no military occupation of territory must occur.

In the town of North Andover, inhabitants have been seen to smile derisively at the following card in a hardware show window: "Kittner Spinney, Cheap Skates. Come in and Look Them Over."

The three leading sugar refineries of Japan have put up $245,000 gold as guaranty to an agreement that their combined production would be restricted to 279,000 bags.

Women are fighting in England for the right to practice pharmacy, and the pharmacists are fighting to keep them out, on the ground that the calling is overcrowded already.

In the four cables of the Manhattan bridge, now being constructed over the East river, New York, there will be 23,100 miles of wire, weighing 11,000 pounds and costing $1,567,125.

The Bible press of Oxford produces on an average 3,000 copies of the Bible not to mention prayer books, every day. The skins of 100,000 animals are used every year for the covers of Oxford Bibles.

The bureau of engraving and printing at Washington is turning out the emergency notes under the Aldrich-Vreeland law at the rate of about $500,000 a day, and new vaults must be built to store them in.

Princess Phillippe of Wurtemberg, who was an archduchess of Austria, makes rubber stockings and other articles for the wounded, and she receives reports from several of the war ministers of Europe.

E. C. Laston, an Englishman, who has just issued a challenge to the world for the memory championship, although only a young man of 23 years, is a veritable walking encyclopedia, for he has memorized 40,000 dates of the principal events in the world's history since the creation.

Most ancient languages were the property of any system of punctuation. In many early manuscripts the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between, even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

A breech-loader called the Ferguson was in use in the revolutionary war. The first United States patent for a breech-loading musket was granted to Thornton & Hill, of North Yarmouth, Mass., May 21, 1811. The first successful breech-loading shotgun was that of Lefaucheux, invented about 1832, following many impractical devices.

Mr. Lincoln's speech to the notification committee of Springfield at his first nomination contained only 133 words; and in his formal letter of acceptance there are only 134 words. In his speech of acceptance to the committee in Washington, in 1864, there are 196 words, and in his letter of acceptance there are only 200 words.

A Paris newspaper has been asking its readers to name the 12 greatest inventions. Over 400,000 coupons were sent in and the votes were cast in the following order: The locomotive, the potato, vaccine, the cure of rabies, sugar, electric telegraph, matches, the boiler of a steam engine, the telephone, petrol, the sewing machine and soap.

In some parts of Europe corncobs are used for building purposes. The cobs are collected and taken to a factory where heavy compresses crush them, mould them into blocks of various sizes just as bricks are variously moulded. These blocks are bound with wire, so as to make them hold together. They are then soaked in tar to make them watertight, and are ready for use after this treatment. Of course, they are much lighter than bricks, are always dry, and make good houses.

At Aurora, Ill., there is frequently to be seen as many as 50,000 sheep at one time housed in fattening sheds, where they are put in prime condition for market. Herds numbering 75,000 are to be encountered on the ranches of the far west, but at Aurora, so many sheep in one bunch right in the midst of a populous farming district is a novel sight. The sheds at this point have accommodations for 75,000 animals, but there has yet been no occasion to test the establishment to its full capacity.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical society for writing with a diamond seems to have been brought up by its inventor. A specimen of its works is the Lord's Prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters, or fifteen complete Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12-inch objective, which is a high power lens physicians employ in studying the most minute bacteria.

Dr. H. C. Stevens, of Seattle, reports recent experiments which show that objects seen by indirect vision commonarily appear larger in the right half of the field of vision than in the left. With a smaller number of persons this is reversed. From these facts he deduces a possible origin of right and left-handedness. Right-handedness, or its reverse, develops at about the age of seven months. Dr. Stevens suggests that they may be due to the phenomena of vision just described. By a certain effect the infant reaches after the objects best seen with the arm nearest to them.

The tests in the gas producer at the government plant have shown that many fuels of such low grade as to be practically valueless for steam furnace purposes, including slack coal, bone coal and lignite, may be economically converted into producer gas and may thus generate a efficient gas power to render them of high commercial value. In this way large beds underlying from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres of public lands, heretofore supposed to have little or no commercial value, are shown to have a large value for power development. This is of importance in the west and makes possible a great industrial development.

Chicago is boasting of its "five maiden aunts" and declaring that they have done more toward securing better industrial conditions in that city and in the country at large than any other like number of citizens, men or women, in the world. The "five maiden aunts" are Jane Addams, of Hull House; Julia Lathrop, charity expert; Mary McDowell, of the university settlement; Margaret Haley, who organized the teachers' federation, and Dr. Cornelia De Bey, a practicing physician, who secured the settlement of the great stockyard strike by arbitration. Dr. De

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2534—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist with Seven-Eighths Length Sleeves and with or without Detached Dutch Collar. An excellent model for the autumn and winter shirt waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2528—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist with Link Cuffs. A slight variation of the usual model, suitable to any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1933—Child's One-Piece Dress, Closed at Back, with Dutch Neck and Three-Quarter Sleeves. A suitable model for challies or wash materials. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2499—Child's Box-Plaited Dress, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2396—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. An excellent model for any of the autumn or winter materials. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

1486—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt with an Under Box-Plait at Centre-Back Seam and Side Plaits at the other Seams. A pretty model for best wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1592—Misses' and Girls' Gymnasium Suit, consisting of a Blouse with Long or Elbow Sleeves and Bloomers. Blue flannel or serge is usually used for these garments. 6 sizes—7 to 17 years.

2208—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse with or without Back-Yoke Facing and Permanent Turn Down Collar. An exceptionally good model for pongee, washable materials and linen. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2387—Ladies' House Dress, consisting of a Waist with High or Dutch Neck and Long or Elbow Sleeves and an Attached Seven Gored Skirt. Suitable for all wash goods. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2042—Ladies' Mother Hubbard Apron, with High or Low Neck and Long Sleeves or Oversleeves. Checked, figured or plain gingham are the best materials for these garments. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2297—Ladies' Coat, with Butcher Back. Covert cloth, tweed or cheviot develops well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2140—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist. An excellent model for linen or flannel. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2394—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A good model for the every day shirt waist of heavy linen, Indian-head cotton or challis. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2347—Child's One-Piece Dress, with Dutch Neck and Short Sleeves. A pretty and dainty irock which may be developed to advantage in almost any material. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2503—Girls' Dress, with a Separate Guimpe having High or Low Neck and Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves. Serge or flannel is used for the dress, while the guimpe may be made of silk, linen, muslin or Victoria lawn. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2536—Ladies' One-Piece Circular Skirt, in medium-sweep or round length and with an inverted box-plait at centre of front and back. An excellent model for the best skirt of chiffon, broadcloth, henrietta, velvet or any material on that order. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2325—Ladies' Nine-Gored Plaite Skirt. A pretty and useful model, easy to make and adaptable to all materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1618—Misses' and Girls' Kimono Wrapper and Sack. Challis or cashmere or cotton crepe are used for these garments. 6 sizes—8 to 17 years.

2437—Girls' Slip with Princess Front. Silk, Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook, batiste or lining material are used for garments of this character. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1932—Ladies' Surplice Shirtwaist, with a removable chemisette and long or three-quarter sleeves. A pretty model for dressy wear, developed in silk or cashmere. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

1927—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with neckband for adjustable collars and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers. Any of the heavy linens or serge or mohair develop well in this style. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2438—Ladies' Empire Dress, with body lining, high or low neck, long or elbow sleeves and an attached one-piece skirt in sweep or round length. A pretty and dainty model for an evening dress of any soft silky material. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

1637—Misses' Tucked Shirt-Waist, with Front Yoke. A suitable pattern for the waist of flannel or gingham. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2104—Misses' Four-Gored Petticoat, with or without the flounce adaptable to silk, nainsook or Persian lawn and very easy in construction. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

REHEARINC IN OIL CASE

Government Declares the Fine Landis Imposed Was Not Too Large.

Chicago, Aug. 21.—Claiming that the $29,240,000 fine which Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, of Chicago, imposed on the Standard Oil company of Indiana for rebating was no more severe in proportion than is inflicted on a mail carrier who steals a letter and is sent to the penitentiary for three years, thereby depriving him of his earning capacity for that time, the government today filed in the United States court of appeals a petition for rehearing of the case in which the court recently reversed the decision of Judge Landis. The petition says there is no necessity for a retrial and calls upon the court of appeals to fix a fine for the Standard of Indiana to pay, in case the tribunal adheres to its belief that Judge Landis abused his discretion in making the penalty so large.

The petition in part says:

The published and filed rates on this business were eighteen cents per one hundred pounds to East St. Louis and nineteen and a half cents to St. Louis. The Standard Oil company actually settled on the basis of six cents to East St. Louis and seven and a half cents to St. Louis. These facts were admitted.

The Standard Oil company interposed the claim in defense that the Elkins act was unconstitutional; that the tariffs had not been posted in two public places at the stations, and interposed many technical defenses.

On One Point Only.

On but a single point involved in the trial up to the return of the verdict of guilty are the rulings of the trial judge criticised by the court of appeals. In all other particulars his rulings are sustained.

The point on which the trial judge is reversed by the court of appeals relates to his rulings on evidence and his charge to the jury with reference to ignorance on the part of the Standard Oil company of the lawful rate as a defense.

The government's petition continues: The trial judge ruled that ignorance on the part of a shipper of what the lawful rate was could be interposed as a defense, but that it would not constitute a defense if it appeared that the ignorance was the result of neglect on the part of the shipper or of wilful failure on the part of the shipper to resort to the sources of information which were available. The government contends that this is the correct construction of the statute on this subject.

An Impossible Rule.

The court of appeals lays down the rule that it is necessary for the government to show beyond a reasonable doubt, as a part of its case that the shipper actually knew what the lawful published and filed rate was.

The government contends that this is an impossible rule; that it is contrary to the purpose of the Elkins act; that it is contrary to the general rule applicable in criminal cases; that put into effect it would make of the interstate commerce act "a mere will-o'-the wisp of legislation, a phantom statute, destitute of strength or substance."

The government strenuously contends that the effect of the construction of the statute announced by the court of appeals is to nullify he interstate commerce act so far as shippers are concerned; to make its enforcement impossible, and to plunge the country again into the deplorable condition of railroad discriminations and favoritism which existed prior to its passage.

The government contends that the court of appeals has no right to place this construction upon the statute in the face of the fact that the very question involved in this case has been expressly left open by the supreme court in the Armour Packing company case, recently decided by that court. The precise question involved in this case was stated by the supreme court in that case. It was not decided by the supreme court, however, because it was not involved but was left open.

The government insists that before laying down this harsh rule and practically nullifying the law the court of appeals should certify in accordance with the statute this question to the supreme court for its decision; that no court short of the supreme court should undertake practically to wipe the interstate commerce act from the statutes.

No New Jersey Reference.

The circuit court of appeals in its opinion charges that Judge Landis assumed to fine the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, and imposed the large fine for the reason that he was satisfied that the Standard Oil company of New Jersey was not a "virgin offender."

The government shows in its petition that Judge Landis never referred to the Standard Oil company of New Jersey in this connection and that the language used was used in connection with the Standard Oil company of Indiana, and that nowhere were the proceedings directed or pretended to be directed against the Standard Oil company of New Jersey

KERN WOULD HAVE VICE PRESIDENT IN CABINET

New York, Aug. 24.—Collier's Weekly will print, in its next issue, an article by John W. Kern, Democratic nominee for the vice presidency, on "My Conception of the Vice Presidency." Kern endorses Bryan's declaration in favor of making the vice president a member of the cabinet, and says:

"Vice presidents in the past have influenced legislation largely, but usually indirectly. My conception of the duties of any public official is that the influence he exerts should be direct, open, obvious and known to all men. If the vice president is to be simply the presiding officer of the senate, with, of course, the opportunity to invite senators into his room and suggest to them the views he may have upon pending legislation, he becomes very close to a mere lobbyist.

"If, by the friendship or by the political convictions of the president, he is put in a position in which he is able to come out into the open, speak as frankly as his chief speaks and exert upon legislation openly and avowedly as much influence as any member of the cabinet may, his office is raised to a dignity which it was the original understanding of the constitution that it should possess."

SALTON SEA ENCROACHMENT MAKES INDIANS DESTITUTE

San Bernardino, Cal., Aug. 20.—Captain J. Cabazon, of the Salton Basin Indian reservation, was here yesterday in consultation with Attorney John Brown, jr., regarding the destitution which has come upon his tribesmen as a result of the encroachments of the inland sea.

For months the Indians have been dispossessed of their homes and living from week to week in the anticipation that the waters would recede and return to them their lands so that they might plant their crops.

"We believe that by telling the people at Washington of our straits they will adjust our losses and see that we do not lose our lands," said the old chief. "We have great groves of figs and acres of vineyards, but now the little fishes swim through the branches of our trees, our houses are washed away and the waters slumber over the place that has been our home and the home of our ancestors."

NEGRO EDUCATOR ON LYNCHINGS

New York, Aug. 20.—The World prints a signed statement from Booker T. Washington, made at Baltimore today, in which the negro educator comments at length upon recent lynchings. In his statement Mr. Washington says:

"Within the past sixty days twenty-five negroes have been lynched in different parts of the United States. Of this number only four of the twenty-five were even charged with assault upon women. How long can our Christian civilization stand this? I am making no special plea for the negro, innocent or guilty, but I am calling attention to the danger that threatens our civilization.

"For the negro criminal, and especially for the negro loafer, gambler and drunkard, I have nothing but the severest condemnation, and no legal punishment is too severe for the brute that assaults a woman."

POINTERS DISMISSED

President Roosevelt Approves Recommendation of Secretary of War Wright.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Announcement was made today by Secretary of War Wright that his recommendation for the punishment of the eight West Point cadets, suspended from the military academy for hazing, had been approved by President Roosevelt.

The order to be issued by Secretary Wright, based upon the President's approval, will dismiss from the academy the two first class men under suspension, William T. Rossell, Jr., a son of Colonel William T. Rossell, of the engineer corps, of the army, and Harry G. Weaver, of Illinois, and the suspension, without pay and allowance for one year, of the six members of the third class, George Washington Chase, of New York; James A. Gillespie, of Pennsylvania; Byron Quimby Jones, of New York; William Naile, of Virginia; William Wellington Prude, of Alabama, and Isaac Spalding, of Oklahoma.

Wednesday evening, after Secretary Wright had had a long conference with Colonel Scott, superintendent of the military academy, the secretary sent to President Roosevelt his recommendation for the disposition of the West Point cadet cases. The President's approval of the recommendation was received by Secretary Wright today.

LEADERS CONSULT BRYAN

Democratic Presidential Nominee in Chicago to Discuss Campaign Plans.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—William Jennings Bryan arrived in Chicago today to pay a two days visit to his political friends and campaign managers. The presidential nominee was greeted at the railway station by National Chairman Norman E. Mack, Col. M. C. Wetmore, in charge of the finances of the campaign, and a score of party leaders and prominent Democrats from Chicago and elsewhere. A rousing cheer went up as he stepped down from the platform of the sleeper and grasped the hands outstretched in welcome.

Arriving at the Auditorium Mr. Bryan lost no time but plunged into a series of conferences over plans for the fight to be waged between now and November 3. All the heads of the various committees had been summoned to Chicago by Chairman Mack, as had also the members of the executive committee and the advisory council and before Mr. Bryan leaves for Indianapolis, Monday noon to attend the official notification of John W. Kern, vice-presidential nominee, the whole scheme of warfare is expected to have been mapped out in detail.

One of the important questions to be taken up is the speaking part Mr. Bryan is to play in the campaign. Some of the officials of the national committee are opposed to any extensive tour of the sort made four and eight years ago, but it rests with Mr. Bryan to decide. Another subject which will come in for full discussion is the money question—how to raise cash for the campaign. The campaign in the east will also claim attention from the nominee, and it was for the purpose of taking up this subject that Senator Culberson, of Texas, as head of the advisory committee, was summoned to the conference by Chairman Mack.

CHAFIN SCORES PARTIES

Says Their Blind Prejudice Only Thing That Keeps Liquor Traffic Alive.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—At Music Hall yesterday evening in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience Eugene W. Chafin, of Chicago, accepted the nomination for the presidency by the Prohibition party.

The address formally notifying Mr. Chafin of his selection as the head of the Prohibition ticket was made by Prof. Chas. Scanlon, of Pittsburg, on behalf of the committee on notification appointed at the national convention at Columbus, O., July 16.

Charles Jones, chairman of the national committee called the meeting to order and announced the selection of Samuel Dickie, president of Albion college, Albion, Mich., as chairman of the gathering. Mr. Dickie delivered a brief address and then introduced Mr. Scanlon. He was greeted with applause as he began his notifying address and throughout his speech was interrupted by evidence of approval of his remarks.

Not a Forlorn Hope.

"You are not asked," said Mr. Scanlon, turning to Mr. Chafin, who occupied a seat on the platform, "to lead a forlorn hope."

Prolonged applause greeted Mr. Chafin as he accepted the honor. It was some minutes before he was able to continue his speech of acceptance. Mr. Chafin, in beginning, dwelt on party strife over false issues for the sake of obtaining office.

Continuing he said: "If one or more political parties are to be kept in power 25 or 50 years, each succeeding administration carrying out the policy of the past, and refusing to enact into law the progress attained, then such party or parties have violated the very spirit of the constitution and turned our democracy into despotism, making the political boss dictator.

"We are dangerously near that condition of things in the pending presidential campaign. The attempt made by the Republican and Democratic parties to create a fictitious issue is the most farcical in our history, in the face of the fact that during the past four years the question of prohibition of the liquor traffic has attracted wider attention of the press and the people than all other public issues combined.

Death Sentence.

"The calm thought and common sense of the moral citizenship have pronounced sentence of death upon the liquor traffic and the only thing that stays its execution is the protection of these two old political parties, kept alive by blind political party prejudice."

This attack on the leading parties roused the audience to vigorous applause, repeated at intervals as Mr. Chafin continued along this line. He quoted from a speech of Abraham Lincoln to show the view of the latter on the liquor question and concluded his speech with an outline of the issues for which the party stands.

DEWEY'S FLAG IS HOISTED

Admiral Flies Emblem First Time in Three Years.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Admiral Dewey hoisted his flag on the Dolphin today and sailed from Washington for Portsmouth, N. H. It is the first time since 1905 that the admiral of the navy has flown his flag over a vessel. He goes to Portsmouth to participate in the ceremony Aug. 26, incident to the dedication of a bronze tablet placed on the commandant's residence there, in memory of Rear Admiral Farragut.

RECOMMEND UNIFORM BILL

National Fraternal Congress Favors the Ohio Law.

Put-in Bay, O., Aug. 22.—After a stormy sesion of the National Fraternal Congress last night over the minimum rate of assessment plan, the uniform bill, which is modeled after the fraternal insurance law of Ohio, was finally passed, and will be recommended to the state legislatures this fall.

MISSIONARY SEES TAFT.

Church Work in China Discussed by Candidate.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 24.—Missionary work in China was the subject of a conference today between Mr. Taft and George W. Painter, an American missionary to that country. Mr. Painter came here to seek Mr. Taft's views regarding general policies touching his work, because of the familiarity of the candidate with conditions there, and the interest he is said to have manifested in missionary work in the Orient during his service in the Philippines.

TOWN NEARLY WIPED OUT

Forest Fires Ravage Bow, in State of Washington.

Bellingham, Wash., Aug. 22.—Forest fires have nearly wiped out Bow, ten miles south of here. The saw and shingle mill and drying kiln, owned by Daniel Cain, with half a million shingles, were destroyed, as well as five cottages belonging to the mill company.

TAFT ASSAILS CHANGER

Cites Government Ownership Proposal and Its Subsequent Withdrawal.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 21.—Declaring that the people of the United States rule through the Republican party, that the average standard of living of wage-earners has been advanced beyond precedent and that the evils for which alleged cures, as government ownership, have been suggested did not arise from the Republicans, Presidential Nominee Taft today delivered a stirring address to Virginians who came crowding to his summer home.

Mr. Taft also covertly referred to the subsequent withdrawal of such reform projects as government ownership, which was a slap at Bryan's coming-going attitude on this question. In part the nominee said:

"During the last Democratic administration the Democracy repealed the McKinley tariff bill passed in 1890 and enacted the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill of 1893. With the prospect of a Democratic tariff for revenue and under the operation of the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill subsequently passed a period of industrial depression set in which continued through the next presidential campaign of 1896. The remedy for this depression as proposed by the Democratic party under its present leadership was a change from the gold standard of currency and value which was the measure of all pecuniary obligations, to a silver standard—a change which would have produced a financial crash in which the business disaster would only have been exceeded by the injury to our national financial honor."

As soon as the Republican party came into power in 1897, Taft said, it repealed the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill and enacted the present Dingley tariff bill and with the assurance of an honest monetary standard confidence was restored and a period of business expansion and prosperity followed to an extent never before known in the history of the world.

Wages Never Higher.

Wages were never higher, he declared, and the average standard of living of the wage-earners, of the farmers and of the business men in point of comfort and of enjoyment of life was advanced beyond precedent. Attending this great prosperity abuses developed growing out of the "dishonesty of some prominent men entrusted with the management of the business of others and of a greed of financial power of some stimulated by the enormous successes incident to the combination of capital in large corporations."

These abuses, he said, chiefly took the form of the violation of the antitrust law and in granting of rebates and discriminations by railways to large shippers. When the extent of these evils were brought home to the people, he said, President Roosevelt evoked the attention of congress and the public to them and proceeded to enforce the laws on the statute books.

"It was not," he said, "until Mr. Roosevelt, realizing to the full the danger to which our society was exposed unless the offending corporations, railway and industrial, were made to obey and fear the law took vigorous action in the recommendation of new legislation and enforcement of the old that anything effective was done to check the growing evil.

Statutory Denunciation.

"There seems to be an impression that an evil which is insidious and which is elusive when definite legal description is to be given of it and heavy penalty is to be prescribed for it, may be safely met by a statutory denunciation hastily prepared in a day or a week or a short period. We have seen within the short four years of the present administration such measures as government ownership of railways, election of federal judges and national initiative and referendum proposed as remedies for our existing evils and now withdrawn under assurances that they will not be again suggested."

Mr. Taft declared the Republican party is not responsible for the abuses he had described and that "the evils were due to the fallibility of human nature and the willingness of ambitious and unscrupulous men to turn an instrumentality necessary in human progress to a vicious purpose."

It is now probable that Mr. Taft will change his plans and make campaign speeches outside of Cincinnati.

Should it finally be decided that Mr Taft shall make a campaign outside of Cincinnati, his itenerary, it was explained, would be arranged entirely by the national committee, leaving him entirely free from details.

OPPOSED TO COUNTY OPTION

Dahlman to Make Campaign on That Stand.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 22.—Mayor James C. Dahlman has announced that in his campaign for the gubernatorial nomination he will take a stand against "county option," and strongly in favor of a law providing for a guarantee to bank depositors. Mayor Dahlman declares that the county option law is opposed to the principle of local self-government which anticipates that the purpose of organizing municipalities is to control affairs within their corporate limits. He asserts that under a county option law country citizens would be able to control churches, schools and saloons alike in towns adjacent to them.

FRIENDLY TIP

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous, but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food, but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart, and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Write us promptly and you will place yourself in position to receive
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AGENTS WANTED—Agents to sell Willard Steel Ranges. W. G. Willard, 216 Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE 10c
A 240-page Illustrated Book for Adults, containing complete information on Health, Disease, Love, Marriage, and Parentage. Tells all you would hesitate to ask a Doctor. Was 25c.—now 10c., to introduce. By Mail Prepaid on receipt of price. MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 127 E. 28th St. New York City

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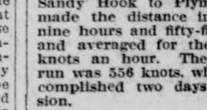
This handsome 1000 Shot Rifle absolutely free to any boy who will send us 48 cents for one of our Samples, and give us a few hours of his spare time for same. This Rifle is great for Target practice, and it sure death to small game and rats. Address with 48 cents, stamps or money order. H.G. Thatcher, B 1420 Race st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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No two alike. In 12 colors and gold. Positively worth 50c each or money refunded. Send for a set today. You will be surprised and delighted. Schmitt Co., Dept. K., 1629 Monroe St., Chicago

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I OFFER YOU A POSITIVE CURE. Send no money. Simply tell me just what ails you. That is all. I will then prepare and send you by mail, in plain package, prepaid, my SPECIAL REMEDIES. Take them one month at my risk. After you are satisfied with the results, not before, pay me $5. Otherwise, the loss is mine. And I leave the decision to you. My offer should convince you that I know how to cure. I believe in man's honesty—his gratitude. I know my Treatment will cure Nervous Weakness and Lost Vitality, that it will quickly and permanently restore you to perfect vigor. My only problem is to convince you. And so I make my offer. Take my treatment at my risk. Used it and pay if satisfied. Write me today, now, and get well. Address G. H. ROBERTS, M. D., 2 Roberts Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MAC VEAGH IS FOR TAFT

Chicago Millionaire Scholar-Merchant Leaves Democratic Ranks.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Franklin MacVeagh, millionaire grocer and known the country over as the "scholar-merchant of Chicago," friend of Grover Cleveland and leader in civic reforms, has become a Republican and will vote for William H. Taft November 3. In departing from the Democratic ranks, Mr. MacVeagh announces that he is actuated by the fact that his interest is in "progressive politics and in a party backing which makes them practicable."

In further defining his position, the merchant prince compares the two candidates for the presidency and says he is for Taft because Taft "will carry forward what Roosevelt has begun" and will be "another epoch-making president." As to Bryan, he remarks that the Nebraskan is "able and honest, but lacks political judgment and common sense and would be extremely uncertain and unsafe."

NEW OCEAN RECORD.

Plymouth, Aug. 24.—The North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II. has established a new record in time elapsed and average speed for any vessel over the long course, 3,080 miles from Sandy Hook to Plymouth. She made the distance in five days, nine hours and fifty-five minutes, and averaged for the run 23.71 knots an hour. The best day's run was 556 knots, which she accomplished two days in succession.

CAMP ON BRYAN'S TRAIL

Sherman Will Follow in Wake of Nebraskan.

New York, Aug. 22.—To select from the Republican membership in congress the most effective speakers for the national campaign a conference was had last night between Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the national committee, and James S. Sherman, nominee for vice president. The speaking tour which Mr. Sherman will undertake, beginning the last week in September, probably will be more extensive than has been expected. It is likely he will continue to deliver addresses until election day.

It is now planned to have him follow Bryan at several important meetings and reply to the Nebraskan's discussion of national issues.

Sherman has promised to make his first speech in Representative McKinley's district in Illinois.

VESSEL SINKS; 40 DROWN

Boat Goes Down Soon After Hitting Rocks.

Bergen, Norway, Aug. 24.—The Norwegian steamer Folgefonden, from Bergen to Haugesund, on the west coast of Norway, was wrecked last night near Skonevika and sank in three minutes. The steamer carried 79 passengers and it is believed that 40 of them were drowned. Fifteen bodies have been recovered. The captain of the steamer was among those saved.

MEYER SHOWS GREATEST DANGER CONFRONTING THE REPUBLICANS

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 24.—Postmaster General Meyer, who was here conferring with Taft yesterday expressed himself in an interview on the general political situation and on the Democratic proposition of guaranteeing national bank deposits, declaring the latter to be "one step farther toward socialism."

Gen. Meyer believes the greatest danger the party confronts in the east is the prevailing sentiment that the election of the Republican ticket is a foregone conclusion. In this connection, he remarked that it might be the best thing for the party if the usual majority in Vermont should be materially reduced. This would, he said, in view of the September election in that state, arouse the Republicans to a realization that a campaign is on.

"There are," he said, "thousands of voters in every state who do not get out to the polls unless they feel there is a real necessity for them to vote. Therefore, if interest is not sufficiently aroused and the importance of this coming election fully appreciated, several states may be lost by default.

"Mr. Bryan has been endeavoring to give the impression that the President has stolen some of his policies. The Democratic candidate, however, is identified with free silver, the dishonest dollar, a policy of repudiation of national and private debts and obligations, anti-imperialism, and government ownership. Mr. Roosevelt has never been a free silver man, has always believed in the honest dollar. No one would ever accuse him of anti-imperialism and he has been most emphatically against government ownership, but has contended for government supervision wherever necessary.

TAFT DEPLORES SPRINGFIELD RIOTS

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 24.—G. W Sanford, of this city, has received a letter from Judge William H. Taft which gives the Republican presidential candidate's views on the recent Springfield, Ill., riots. The letter is in reply to a query addressed by Mr. Sanford to Mr. Taft. It reads:

"Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 20, 1908.

"My dear sir:

"I have your letter of August 15th in reference to the race riot at Springfield, Ill. Every good citizen in the country must deplore the fiendish work of the disgraceful mob that has brought the city of Springfield to sorrow. Such an outbreak of lawnessness and bitter race prejudice makes the lover of his country sad. It should nerve those in favor of improving the criminal law to more earnest effort because I am confident that if all charges of crime were promptly investigated and convicted criminals punished, there would be much less temptation to the formation of such conscienceless and cruel mobs as that which ran riot in Springfield.

"Very sincerely yours,
"WM. H. TAFT.

"Mr. G. W. Sanford,
"3969 Finney Avenue,
"St. Louis, Mo."

ROOSEVELT INDORSES ALDRICH LAW

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 22.—Because of the attacks made upon the Aldrich currency bill by Senator La Follette, together with his readings of the roll calls on that bill, Senator E. J. Burkett yesterday gave out two letters from President Roosevelt commending the Aldrich law unqualifiedly. Senator Burkett received the following letter from the President:

"Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1908.

"My Dear Senator—I heartily approve of the currency measure. Otherwise I would not have signed the bill. In my judgment, it would have been most unwise not to have passed it, and not a single argument worth heeding was advanced against it. I enclose you a copy of a letter I had already written on the subject. Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Following is a copy of the letter referred to by the president:

"Oyster Bay, July 23, 1908.

"My Dear Mr. Willis—I have your letter of the twentieth. My motives were simply those I have in signing any good bill. Beyond all question, the emergency currency bill was a good measure, and I have not heard it attacked with any arguments which I thought even deserved an answer. It is avowedly only an emergency measure; it lasts merely the length of time to permit us to develop a permanent plan; but during that time, it makes provision for the needed elasticity of currency, and it does it in an utterly unobjectionable manner. It does not accomplish very much, but it does accomplish something, and there is little in any objection that has been raised to it worthy of paying the slightest heed to, while, furthermore, it makes the admirable provision for commission to make a report on the permanent currency plan. Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

NAMES A BUTTON PRESSER

Roosevelt Appoints Col. Phillips for Welsh Convention

Oyster Bay, Aug. 22.—President Roosevelt today sent this telegram:

"Col. R. A. Phillips, president Lackawanna Druid society, Scranton, Pa. I shall be glad to have you act for me, and hereby authorize you to touch the button to open the national Welsh convention at Scranton today. Will you also be good enough to express to those who have the convention in charge, and to all who may be present, my sincere regret at my inability to attend and my very earnest good wishes for the success of this memorable occasion?

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

FORAKER FREE LANCE

Senior Senator Says He Will Express Own Views in Campaign Speeches.

Washington, Aug. 21.—Senator Foraker, of Ohio, was in Washington yesterday, after a vacation spent in Maine. He will remain here until Saturday, when he will go to his home in Ohio. En route here the senator stopped in New York city for two days, but did not confer with any of the Republican leaders there. On arrival here Senator Foraker found a dispatch from Frank H. Hitchcock, Republican national chairman, expressing regret that they had not met in New York and conveying the hope that when Mr. Foraker was in that city again they would meet.

The senator was a much-sought man by the reporters today, who desired an expression from him relative to his nonparticipation in the opening of the Republican campaign at Youngstown, O., Sept. 5, when Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and Governor Hughes, of New York, are to sound the campaign keynote.

"I do not know," said Senator Foraker, "what action the state committee took, except as I have been advised by the newspapers. I see by the morning papers that Chairman Williams says he mailed me an invitation last Saturday, but I have not received it.

"All I know, therefore, is that, according to newspapers, I do not appear to be either needed or wanted at Youngstown, except to sit on the platform and listen to the speeches that are delivered by the orators chosen for that occasion. "I would, of course, be glad to hear these speeches; but as I have already said, I can read them in the newspaper."

Continuing he said: "The fact that I do not care to make any speeches, under the circumstances, under the auspices of the state committee, will not necessarily interfere with my making speeches under other auspices. I find on my desk today a number of invitations to speak, some from Ohio and some from other localities.

"If I should see fit to accept any of these invitations, while I would certainly try to speak in such a way as to help the Republican cause, I yet feel that I shall be at liberty to express my own views on important questions about which there probably will be more or less discussion during the campaign."

TO RENOMINATE HUGHES

Conference at Oyster Bay Develops That Political Exigencies Demand It.

New York, Aug. 21.—An announcement was made at national Republican headquarters today by James S. Sherman, Republican candidate for vice president, that President Roosevelt's conference with party leaders at Sagamore Hill yesterday had developed that political exigencies demand the renomination of Governor Hughes for a second term. Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock was present when Mr. Sherman stated the result of the conference, and he assented to all the vice presidential nominee said.

The statement will put an end to organized opposition to the candidacy of Governor Hughes, although it is possible that there will continue to be some protest against Hughes as head of the Republican ticket in the state. With President Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Hitchcok, several New York members of congress and other state leaders for Mr. Hughes, it is not believed here that the fight against his renomination can gain any headway. In fact, political leaders are now predicting that no other name will be presented to the convention.

Mr. Sherman would not say what President Roosevelt's views had been or what had been said in regard to the Hughes matter.

TEAK WOOD CANE FOR TAFT

Nominee Gets a Present That Was Made in Ceylon.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 22.—Postmaster General Meyer reached here from Oyster Bay and Washington today for a conference with Mr. Taft. Gifford Pinchot, chief forester in the west, also was here to see Taft and among other callers was George W. Painter, an American missionary to China.

Mr. Taft was the recipient today of a heavy teak wood cane with an elephant's head design for a handle. It was made in Ceylon and sent by C. F. Vance, assistant engineer of Moro province, Philippine Islands.

FAIRBANKS COMBATS COLD

Vice President Spends Night in Chicago Hospital.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—A rumor in St. Louis to the effect that Vice President Fairbanks was ill, brought out the fact that the vice president spent Tuesday night in Henrotin Memorial hospital here, because of a cold.

"There was nothing the matter with Fairbanks, except a slight cold," says Dr. Futterer, physician in charge of the hospital. "As a precautionary measure, he spent the night in the hospital."

IS 67; TO WED GIRL, 10

Aged Episcopal Rector Wishes to Make Child Heiress.

Ellicott City, Md., Aug. 21.—A license has been issued for the marriage of Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, aged 67, to Lulu V. Fraseler, a 10-year-old girl. The marriage has not yet taken place. Mr. Fitzhugh suffered a severe attack of heart disease after obtaining the license, and he is critically ill.

He is an Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, of which state the little girl is also a native. When the license was secured a necessary letter of assent from the girl's mother was exhibited to the clerk. The explanation of the peculiar case is that Fitzhugh desires to make little Miss Fraseler his heiress, and that his object cannot be attained to his satisfaction by merely adopting her.

TWO OHIOANS ARE NAMED

As Members of the Republican Advisory Committee

New York, Aug. 22.—Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee today announced the appointment of the following men as members of the advisory committee: Richard A. Ballinger, state of Washington; Cornelius N. Bliss, New York; Powell Clayton, Arkansas, W. Murray Crane, Massachusetts; William Nelson Cromwell, New York; John Hays Hammond, Massachusetts; Franklin Murphy, New Jersey; Charles P. Taft, Ohio; Arthur I. Vorys, Ohio.

Mr. Hitchcock will be chairman of the committee and Elmer Dover will be secretary.

The committee will also advise as to the conduct of the Republican national campaign

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

As radiant dawn climbs to full-orbed day and glides to setting sun, may we come to this day's close with the consciousness that we have lived a little closer to the great heart of the Eternal in every thought, word and deed.

MONDAY.

I will not look along the years
And try to trace my future way,—
I only need to see my path
For this one day.

TUESDAY.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

WEDNESDAY.

No one can give what is not possessed in one's self, and these greater gifts of courage, hope, love, and goodness cost the giver more than money, for it is infinitely harder to "be" than to "do."

THURSDAY.

Every hardship, every joy, every temptation, is a challenge of the spirit, that the human soul may prove itself.

FRIDAY.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.

SATURDAY.

If one looks upon the bright side
It is sure to be the right side;
At least that's how I've found it as I've journeyed through each day;
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
From a bright-side sort of nature every doleful thing away.

THE CARES OF YESTERDAY

Today is life; yesterday is with the vanished ages. Why dwell upon the cares that have been, and waste time in relating our "awful troubles?" If they are dwelt upon and continually revived, they grow in size with the rapidity of Jack's bean stalk, and obscure the possibly bright horizon of the future. We are only pampering morbidity in ourselves, by telling in detail how much we have suffered. People will bear patiently, for a time, with these recitals, but not for long. It soon becomes a bore to hear a tale of woe constantly repeated. The only benefit that can possibly arise from reviewing past cares and troubles, is by taking them as lessons, and from them build a future.

These are lessons which we may, if we are strong and self-reliant, study and learn alone. It is dangerous to try the patience of our friends; it is dangerous to try the patience of those who are nearest and dearest by rehearsing the cares which, in the past, have oppressed us. It is the one who has the primitive, elemental outlook on life who sees no shame in crying aloud her home affairs and grievances. Sometimes, of course, it is a relief to have "told all," to some one whose heart is big with sympathy, who can keep a confidence, and whose words bring comfort; but be chary about trying the experiment too often, especially if the troubles are those of vanished days, and have been kept alive by mental cherishing.

No good can come by telling of the unpleasant things that used to be. The desire to tell these things arises from selfishness and vanity. It gratifies our vanity to be regarded as a "has been" martyr, even when the lamentable conditions described are no longer in existence. It gratifies self to be assured that we were not mistaken in believing we have had bitter grievances and were misunderstood and badly treated.

If the one to whom these things are related is given to gossiping, she will be interested in what will furnish grist for her mill, but the chances are, in most cases, that we shall be considered tiresome if we insist upon relating the unhappy episodes of our history.

There is another phase of the question. There are many who are fond of telling their troubles, and when two of the same mind get together, life becomes a Dismal Swamp, wherein blooms nothing but woe.

Can anyone tell why it is that so many seem to enjoy being miserable?

There is absolutely no profit in digging up old cares or injuries. Frequently this calling them back to the present, feeds fresh fuel to an anger or unhappiness which long since should have gone to ashes.

It is a queer phase of human nature which makes one want to be an object of pity, and this is what we are after when we tell our troubles just for the sake of exciting sympathy.

"Oh, the things I have been through, you have no idea!" the woman who has "seen trouble" and is proud of it, exclaims. By that sign you may know she is aching to tell her story. The words, "I have been through," should be the seal of silence. The troubles are over, so why give them utterance to double the sorrow?

When we have learned to remember only the pleasant and the good that have happened, when we can blot out the things which have caused anguish, then shall we be bigger and better, and life more worth living and heaven brought nearer.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

Today, just for a pleasant change, we begin the column with a little story. It is partly founded on facts, and is entitled:

LOST AMONG THE FLOWERS.

One bright spring morning Farmer Brown was working in his garden, getting ready to sow his early vegetable seeds, when his little orphan granddaughter came to him, holding a small package in her hand. Timidly she asked him, "Please, grandpa, can't I have a little place for my flower seed?"

Her grandfather answered gruffly, "Go away, I have enough weeds to pester me now."

"But these are not weeds, grandpa," the little girl said, "they are such pretty, new kind of flower seed."

"Yes, I know, there are always some pesky new weeds to bother me. I tell you, I will have none of them in my garden. You go and burn them up," her grandfather commanded.

The child cried and begged, but she was compelled to obey. Soon she was sent on an errand to a neighbor's. On her way she passed a deep, dark woods. She had almost hurried past, when she thought she would stop to see if the wild flowers were blooming. Soon she was plucking them by handfuls. Suddenly she glanced around. She was bewildered and thought she was lost. She was not greatly frightener for she knew her grandparents would soon be searching for her, so she sat down and was soon weaving wreaths and garlands of wild flowers to her heart's content.

When the noon hour came and little Lily had not returned her grandfather began a search among the neighbors. No one had seen the little child. At last, tired and almost overcome with grief, he returned home. He dearly loved his little granddaughter, but in striving after the riches of the world he had forgotten the promise he had made to his daughter when she was dying. He had promised that he would send Lily to church and Sunday school, and always be good and kind to her.

The minister, hearing that Lily was lost, thought this would be an opportune time to approach the old people. He soon obtained their promise to attend church. The poor old grandfather told about the flower seed, and said, "To think I would not let her have a little place for her posies. I called them weeds! If the good Lord will only give her back to me she shall have all the room she wants for her flowers."

"Perhaps she went to the woods to gather wild flowers," the minister suggested.

Soon they were searching there for her. They found her fast asleep. When she was awakened she looked up and said, "Grandpa, I got lost among the flowers."

After this Lily always had the choicest place in the garden for her flowers. Her grandfather used to say, jokingly: "I have no room for vegetables now on account of Lily's flower weeds."—Mrs. A. A. B.

A MESSAGE.

I enjoy reading The Blade, especially the Household. I live in Illinois, and enjoy this beautiful land God has made. My home is in a little village named Bethany, but I must say it is not the kind of a Bethany that is mentioned in the Bible. I will come again and tell more of my surroundings.—Illinois.

THE GOOD OF CHURCH.

I thought I would write a few lines once more to this circle of people with whom I feel quite well acquainted. When I wrote before there were only four children, my husband and myself, in the family. Now there is another little boy whose name is Harold. He is two months old, so we have five children to cheer us on our way—three girls and two boys. We have been to church five Sundays in succession, lately. We take all the children every time. We began this summer when the baby was five weeks old. We enjoy going very much and think it is our duty to bring up our children to attend church.

I, in common with many others, enjoy The Blade very much. I read every word of the Household page, as well as quite a bit of the rest of the paper. I am very glad to hear from those who are trying to live Christian lives. This is the only kind of life to live, and I think if we try with the right spirit, it is not at all hard.

I do not attend Sunday school. I take my quarterly home and study the lesson. In the winter, and at other times when I cannot go to church, my Sunday school lesson has to take the place of it. I read the lesson in The Blade, also, and in another paper that we have.

To all those who are not contented with their lives, I want to say, seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all other things will be added unto you. I think a true Christian should be contented if he is obedient to the will of Our Master. He has this to comfort him. Everything will come out well in the end and he is not responsible for any of the world's sorrows.

I enjoy the country much better than the city for a home, but I like a drive into the city once in a while, very much. We do not, as do many others, go to the seashore in the summer, but of course that is not so necessary if one lives in the country. We enjoy outdoor life at home, which is really the best place after all.—Rosa Belle.

A SUGGESTION.

I have been for many years a subscriber to The Blade and have never asked a question, but now I will ask one:

Would it not be fine if the big boys and girls of our public schools would take up the glorious old Declaration of Independence as one of their favorite "pieces to speak" in school, with a prize to the best orator and a certificate of honor to each one who learns it?

When I was a girl in school I learned about all the poetry in the school books, and then I learned the Declaration of Independence, and oh—what delight I have in it. In rural districts, some music and a few orators competing for a prize would be a good entertainment, especially for a Fourth of July.—Polly Tishon.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I have been a reader of the Cozy Corner letters for a good many years, and love to read them as they come in from different states and different people. My home is in Michigan, and now and then I see a letter from this state, so I thought I would write one. I was raised in Leipsic, Ohio.

There is an old song we used to sing at school that I would like the exact words of. Perhaps someone who went to school in Leipsic 25 years ago can furnish them. The song starts with these lines:

Once more I see my dear old home,
Its hillsides and its streams.

Will West Va. Mother or West Va. Pansy please write a letter and tell all they can about the country where they live. I am very much interested in that state and think I should like to live there. I have read some good letters from there and think it would just suit me.

I have tried Mrs. H. O. J.'s recipe for canning corn and it is fine. I can all of my tomatoes in tin cans and find they keep much better than they do in glass.—Maggie N. H.

FROM A YOUNG WIFE.

Will you admit a young wife to the Cozy Corner? I enjoy the letters that all of the sisters write, especially those on the care of children, although I haven't any, and I sometimes think I never should have my work done up if I did, because it takes all of my time now.

I enjoy also the letters on how to live on a small income. We work a farm and only get one-third, so you see we have to economize. There is much I could say to the dear sisters, but I am afraid I have stayed too long.—A Michigan Farmer's Wife.

If you have "much" to say come again soon and say it.—Editor.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

This inquiry was answered in the past week, but the following seems so much better than the one your editor gave that I am glad to print it. The answer is to S. F.'s inquiry about stiffening black lawn.

Take a little sweet milk that has been slightly warmed, to dissolve the specks of cream if there are any. Dip the goods in this instead of starch and it makes the lawn as nice as new. Try this on plain red or blue cotton goods, in fact anything that the starch is likely to show on.—J. T.

INQUIRY

I suffer great distress from cold at the pit of the stomach. Can any of you suggest a remedy and tell me what causes it?—A Reader.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I've had a little vacation so if anything is wrong with the page this week please blame the vacation. I've had to hurry some.—Ed.

Letters receiver since our last meeting are from Dale Hills, J. T., C. M. J., Optimist, Salome of Indiana, and Brown Eyes from the East.

I would be friends with you and have your love.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

From Mrs. E. H. Nugent we have the four following "home-grown" recipes:

1. Water Custard Pie—Three eggs, four level teaspoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg, butter the size of an English walnut, and two level tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix with boiling water the same as when milk is used. Stir constantly while on the fire to keep it from burning, and boil until the flour is cooked. Have a medium rich crust ready. Put in the filling, and bake until the crust is done, but do not bake long enough to cause the filling to curdle.

2. Bread Pudding—Soak dry bread in milk enough to cover it and still leave some liquid when the bread is thoroughly soaked. Beat one egg, put in one level cupful of sugar, a little nutmeg, and just before baking put in one cupful of raisins, dredged in flour and sprinkle granulated sugar on top. Bake in a hot oven until pudding is done, but do not cook too long or it will whey. The sugar on top makes a nice crust.

3. Sugar Cookies—One-half cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one or two eggs, a little nutmeg, a little salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Roll quite thin, and just before cutting into cookies sprinkle with granulated sugar. Roll lightly, cut out and bake in a quick oven to a light, golden brown.

4. Fruit Spice Cake—One cup of sugar, one of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda, nutmeg and cloves. Mix soda with molasses and sour milk. One-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup of chopped citron, and one cupful each of raisins and currants.

Blackberry Jam Cake—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonfus of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of jam, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half of a grated nutmeg. Bake in two jelly pans and put together with white icing. —Jolly Tennessee Girl.

Conserve—One quart of gooseberries, two-thirds of a quart of sugar, one cup of raisins, one orange. Chop fine, or put through a grinder. Cook until tender, then can.—Granna.

From "Isabelle" comes these recipes:

1. French Prune Brown Betty—Put in an agate pudding pan, a layer of cooked French prunes. Cover this with sugar and nutmeg. Then comes a layer of sliced, buttered bread and so continue until the dish is full, having fruit for the last layer. Pour in a little water, and bake about one hour. Cover the dish for awhile when first put in the oven, so it will not cook too fast on top. Use plenty of sugar, butter and nutmeg, and it makes a very rich pudding. Serve with whipped cream.

2. Spice Cake—One cup each of brown sugar, cooking syrup, and sour cream. Mix together. Add three well-beaten eggs and one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and a little nutmeg. Into two and a half cups of sifted flour put one teaspoonful of soda and sift into the mixture. Add a little salt, mix and beat thoroughly, and bake in a moderate oven. Raisins or currants improve the cake very much.

Tomato Relish—This requires the following ingredients: Peel, chop and drain for six hours one peck of ripe tomatoes. Add six medium-sized onions, four small green peppers, from which remove the seeds; two ounces of white mustard seed, one bunch of celery, one-half teacupful of salt, two pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar. Scald the sugar and vinegar. When cold, mix with the other ingredients.—G.

To Cook Turnips—Cut into dice shape, season with salt and pepper, and cook until tender. Then add a little butter and sugar. Just before serving pour in a little sweet cream. These are fine. —A Michigan Farmer's Wife.

Cheese Dreams—Cut thin slices of bread at least one day old, spread with soft cheese and press into sandwiches. Fry a delicate brown in butter.—School Girl.

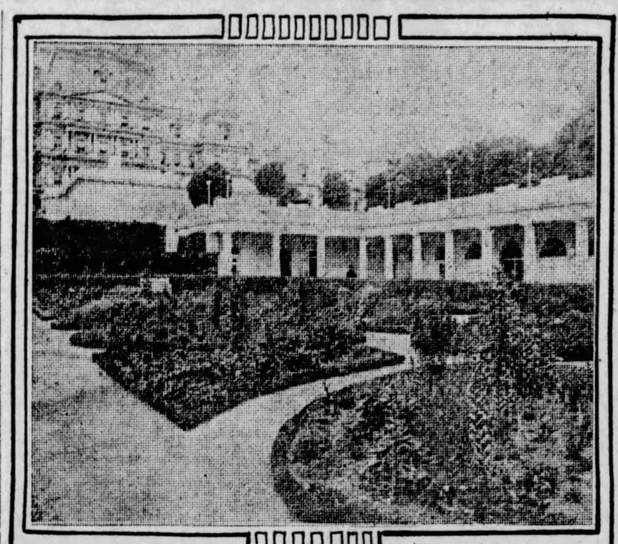
Lemon Crackers—Two and a half cups of sugar, 1 cup of lard 1 pint of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 5 cents' worth of baking ammonia, 5 cents' worth of lemon oil. Make stiff with flour, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

AUTHORS AND THEIR GARDENS

Authors, practically as a body, have loved and do love gardens. Washington Irving, according to Charles Dudley Warner, found Sunnyside Farm "the dearest spot on earth." Robert Louis Stevenson, also "rested his brain" by gardening at Vailma. Maurice Maeterlinck, pessimistic enough in other connection, finds abundant joy in gardening, especially among the sweet, pale-tinted flower-faces he happily characterizes as "frail and chilly, and yet as bold-faced as a bright idea." Tolstoi loves to relieve his sterner agricultural and literary labors by working in his flower-garden. Charles Lamb and his sister found in the "sweet, sweet blossoms" of their devoted tending solace for lonely sorrows. The Carlyles, husband and wife, now and then worked off superfluous energy with spade and trowel. Froebel evolved and perfected many wise plans with garden-tools for educational aids and solvents. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to floriculture, and once, when in a fit of violent temper he had thrown a maid servant through the window, regretfully exclaimed, as certain probable consequences of this rash act occurred to him, "Oh, oh! I forgot the violet-bed!"

Marion Harland long has maintained a wonderful "souvenir garden" at "Sunnybank," her summer home at Pompton, N. J. The treasures in this garden, brought from all parts of the world, include ivies from the dairy of Marie Antoinette at Versailles; from the window of the room in Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, where died the daughter of Charles I.; from the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon; the great hall in Kenilworth Castle, where the unfortunate Edward II was forced to sign his own deposition, and where, later, Queen Elizabeth and Leicester danced their famous minuet; from the old monastery founded by St. Augustine at Canterbury, and from the ruins of the little wattled building that, called after and supposedly founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea, was the first Christian church in England. This was the beginning of the great Abbey of Glastonbury—Glastonbury, said to be ancient Avalon where King Arthur, after his last great battle, was borne by the women robed in black. From Syria came a gay company of marigolds and the seeds of the "Dead sea fruit," which, gathered near the banks of the Jordan, flourish as heartily at "Sunnybank" and the acanthus—in plain English, the dandelion—that hailed from the Parthenon steps.

A bush of southernwood or "lad's love" and a canary vine from the summer house where Cowper wrote The Task are near, and not far distant is a Provence rose from the Jesuit garden of the Old Agency House, Mackinac, with which all readers of Miss Woolson's Anne are familiar. From Florence came wonderful irises and aloes, from Anne Hathaway's Spottery garden rosemary, from Scotland one of Burns' own beloved "wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd" daisies. The Sunnybank rosegarden contains many remarkable bushes also, and is framed by a tangle of white sweet alyssum, the seeds of which Mrs. Terhune gathered years ago in the streets of Pompeii.



A CORNER OF THE WHITE HOUSE GARDEN.

Frances Hodgson Burnett has a wonderful rose garden at Maytham Hall, Kent, the rich old orchard ground reclaimed for this purpose lending itself especially well to the culture and sustenance of those sweet and hungry "gross feeders," the roses. Mrs. Burnett says that roses "are greedy almost beyond any flowers," but she adores her diversified darlings, which blossom from May to December, and certainly is endowed with the "growing touch" in their direction. The pink, white, red and yellow-laden vines climb and clamber and smile all about the lichen-robed, silvery old tree trunks, answered by lower patches of color that fairly rival the "hanging rose garden" dreamed to life by the pleased creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the scent of the place is as sweet as its sight.

"The amen! of nature is always a flower," once said the loving and lovable Autocrat, and he elsewhere sings, "Bpt, oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that blossomed first!"—From Great People and Their Gardens. By Ethel Colson in the August Circle Magazine.

The souvenir garden is something everyone may have. It is not necessary to travel far and wide to secure the slips and seeds. There are nearby places, the gardens of friends and neighbors, spots attended with dear memories, or, if you chance to go atraveling, in this way, too, you may obtain plants for a souvenir garden. It is a pretty idea.—Ed.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we start with a letter from a California girl. It was written in July, but it lost none of its interest while it was laid away.

We have taken The Blade for seven months, but I have failed to see any letters from California. If there have been any, I have overlooked them.

We have been having warm weather for the past two weeks. The thermometer has registered from 106 to 110 degrees. The fruit is ripening nicely, the early peaches being ready to cut. We have peaches, apricots, plums, oranges, berries and grapes on our ranch. The girls in California earn from $2.50 to $4.00 per day, cutting fruit, and the boys from $3.00 to $5.00 picking grapes. I live 7 miles south of Fresno, and 150 miles from San Francisco, the largest city in California. I spent a vacation of two weeks in the high Sierras during part of the hottest weather this summer. Going to and from the mountains was not very enjoyable. We camped on the banks of a beautiful mountain lake, among the tall pines, 6,500 feet above the sea level. I saw some of the largest trees in the world. I went through one dead tree, called the Dead Monarch, from one end to the other. A man on horseback could easily ride through. One can hardly believe the trees are so large until they see them.

I visited also the big saw mill. It is wonderful how the great logs and planks are handled. I do not like the mountains as well as the coast. The summer before this, we spent our vacation at Pacific Grove, Cal. I spent nearly every afternoon at the beach, watching the breakers dash against the rocks, and the tide come in.

I am attending the high school. I should have graduated in the spring, but I was sick so much during the last term, it threw me back one year.

I am very fond of music. I am assistant organist, and sing in the choir at church. We belong to the United Presbyterian church. I have a good father and mother, and one little sister, three and a half years of age. She is the apple of our eyes.—The Girl of the Golden West.

Seeing a request from English Lad for some way in which he could identify me I will give some idea of myself:

I am five feet six inches in height, have black hair, blue eyes, and weigh about 125 pounds.

Some of our neighbors, as a compliment (?), supplied me with the name of "slimmy," which is very suggestive, to say the least.

The best and the worst I can say of myself is that I always find plenty of fun in everything. Like Cherokee Girl, I can find the funny side, if there is any, and I usually manage to have a jolly time under all circumstances. You see there is not much to say of myself—not much to attract—but I hope I have drawn my portrait in such a way that all can recognize me.

I have had some amusing experiences while teaching here in the west, and will give a few to let you know how much you miss by not coming, too.

How many of the M. G. R.'s have ridden a donkey? Well, I have, and have ridden behind her to school. She belonged to one of the families in my school district and we would hitch her to a cart and about three of my pupils and I would load ourselves in it, and away we would go. We caused many a merry laugh while traveling thus and had many requests to sit for our portraits, but we only laughed back and went on. Sometimes she would get tired of it all and "buck," which was certainly funny to see.

At other times, another of my pupils and I would ride (Cheyenne), "Shy Ann" fashion—my pupil on first, and I behind, at breakneck speed up and down the hills to school. Oh, what fun! I was as much a "kid" as she. Poor girl! She died this summer. Truly "Our sincerest laughter is fraught with many tears."

In the past winter, the principal amusement in the district I was then in was coasting, as the coasting was fine on the hills around the schoolhouse. If any of the M. G. R.'s ever tried this sport they know how we enjoyed it.

Skating on the lake is another of our pastimes. Our lake is called Newman lake. It is a beautiful spot and a great summer resort. If English Lad would look across to Moab he could see my home.

It is a small station on the Northern Pacific, about seventeen miles east from Spokane. This city is our basis of supplies and we visit it quite frequently. I suppose English Lad does also, as everyone in the eastern part of our state goes there.—Western Witch.

I am a Virginian by birth, but have been residing in Tennessee for the past eight years. I live in a pretty little lumber center, on the banks of the beautiful Watauga river, in the northeastern part of the state. The people here are different from the Virginians, or is it my partiality? At any rate I think Virginia the dearest place in the world, although I never was well there. I am five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 150 pounds, so you may know my health is good in this country. I am very fond of music, books and flowers, though I like books best.

I should like to know "Kid's" real name. I have a brother working at or near the place she lives.—Virginia Beauty.

I am a young girl eighteen years old and live in the northern part of New York state, about thirteen miles from the Thousand Islands, in a place where there are many beautiful lakes. I live about a mile from the foot of Butterfield lake, which is about three miles long and a little over a mile wide. There are a number of beautiful islands in the lake, on which there are many fine cottages. At the head of this lake the village of Redwood is situated.

Millsite lake is about three and a half miles from my home. It has rocky shores and very clear water, there is only one cottage built on its shore, for it is a mile from the village.

Grass lake is about a half-mile from my home, but is not as large as the other lakes I have mentioned. Sincerely yours, Flo.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which everyone has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all have some.

Once again, I must gently, but firmly remind you that letters unsigned by the real name of the author will not receive attention. The waste basket is their doom.

The M. G. R. mail bag has been quite full during the past week, especially when it is taken into consideration that it is the good old summer time. Letters have come from Salome of Indiana, Bonnie Burnie, Iowa Maid, Minnie, Southern Girl; Chatterbox from Indiana, Golden Rod, Alberta Kinsey, Sweet Sixteen, and from two sisters who call themselves Humming Bird and Honey Suckle.

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THE BOASTFUL BAMBOO

Beneath the gleaming snows of Fuji lay a great forest. There many giant trees grew, the fir, the pine, the graceful bamboo, and the camelia trees. The balmy azaleas and the crinkled iris bloomed in the shade. The blue heavens were fleecy with snowy clouds and gentle zephyrs caressed the blossoms and made them bow like worshipers before a shrine.

Side by side grew two bamboo trees. One of these was tall, strong and stately, and he reared his haughty head to heaven and bowed not to the north wind as he passed. The other was a slender bamboo, so slight and delicate, that it swayed with every breeze and moaned with fright when a storm swept down the wrath of the mountain. The children loved the graceful bamboo and named her Silver Mist; but the big bamboo looked down upon her with scorn.

"You bow and bend to every breeze. Have you no pride? It is not fitting that a bamboo should show fear. I stand straight and strong and bow to no one," he said.

"You are going to be of some great use in the world, I am sure," said the humble bamboo. "I am only fit to trim the houses for the New Year's feast. But you will become a beam in some great house, or, maybe, even in a palace."

"Do not think I shall be only that," cried the boastful bamboo, with a scornful laugh. "I am indeed intended for something great. I think I shall be chosen for the mast of a mighty ship. Then will the wings of the ship swell with the breeze and it will fly over the ocean and I shall see strange lands and new peoples. All men will behold me and say, 'See the stately bamboo which graces yonder junk!' As for you, poor timorous one, you are not even brave enough to deck the New Year's feast. You will be used to make mats for people to tread under foot."

The slim little bamboo did not answer back. She only bent her head and cried bitterly. The flowers felt sorry for her and breathed their soft perfumes about her to commort her. As the days went by the slim bamboo grew prettier and the children loved her more and more. They played beneath her waving branches, they made flower chains and garlands and hung them from her boughs.

"See," they cried in childish glee. "This is the Lady Silver Mist. Let us tie a flower sash around her slender waist," and they bound a girdle of flowers about her.

One day there came woodmen to the forest, and they chopped down many of the trees, trampling the grass and the flowers under foot. When they saw the big bamboo they said:

"Here is a tall, straight tree. It will do for a mast. We will cut it first."

"Good-by," said the boastful bamboo to the slender one. "I am going to see the world and do great things. Good-by, child. I hope you will not be used to make raincoats. When I am on the bright and beautiful sea I shall remember and pity you!"

"Good-by," sighed his little comrade. "Good fortune go with you."

The big bamboo was cut down and the hillside saw him no more. When, however, the woodmen came to the little tree they smiled to see it so beautifully garlanded with flowers and they said, "This little tree has friends."

Then the children took courage and ran to the woodcutters and cried. "Pray do not cut down our tree! In all the forest we love it best. It is the Lady Silver Mist and it has been our playmate for many moons."

"You must dig it up and bear it away if you wish to save its life," said the chief woodman. "We are sent to this forest to clear it, so that a grand palace may be built upon the hillside where all is so fair and beautiful."

"Gladly will we root her up and take her to our home," answered the eldest child; and very carefully they dug her up, not destroying even a single root, for the woodman helped them, so kind was he and of a good heart.

They placed the slim bamboo in a lovely garden beside the sea, and she grew fair and stately and was happy. All round was calm and beautiful. The sea waves lapped the coral strand. By day, the sun shone on the tawny sands and turned them to gold; the sky was blue as a turquoise, and pearly clouds floated across it like shadowy angel's wings. By night the moon goddess rose in silvery beauty and bathed the garden in light; it kissed the leaves of the bamboo, until the dew sparkled upon them like diamonds in a setting of silver.

Fragrant flowers bloomed at the bamboo's feet: irises from their meadow home, azaleas, rare lotus lilies, and a fringe of purple wistaria wafting its breath in friendship upon her. Here she grew in strength and grace. All things were her friends, for she gave to all of her sweetness; and to the winds she bowed her head.

"Great North Wind," she said gently, "how thou art strong!" And to the South Wind she said, "How sweet and kind thou art!" To the flowers she gave shade and to the children, who still loved her, companionship.

One night she shivered and bowed her head very, very low, for there came a storm from the sea, a storm so fierce and wild as to frighten her very soul. The waves of the sea tossed the white foam heavenward; they rose up in giant walls of fury until ships sunk in the troughs between and were dashed to pieces. The beach was strewn with wrecks and when daylight came, Lady Silver Mist gazed upon the scene. She recognized her old friend, the great bamboo, prostrate upon the ground, while all around him lay bits of the junk over which he had reared his haughty head.

"Alas! my poor friend!" she cried. "What a sad fate is yours! Would that I could aid you."

"No one can help me," he replied with a moan. "Would that I had been made into a common coolie pole with which to push a country junk! Then might I have been useful for many years! No, my heart is broken, Silver Mist. Farewell."

He gave a long shuddering sigh and spoke no more. Soon some men who came to clear up the wreckage, chopped the mast up for firewood, and that was the end of the boastful bamboo.—From Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. The American Book Co., Publishers.

THE POETS' CORNER

HER LETTER

By Bret Harte.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire,
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamoned out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up,
And then he adores me, indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks and all that?"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just at this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year,"—
In the mists of a gaze de chambery,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee!

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the state."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness, what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS

George W. Bungay.

How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel—excel,"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the Church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands:
Its forms and sacred rites revere;
Come worship here—come worship here;
Its rituals and faith excel—excel,"
Chimed out th' Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well,"
In solemn tones exclaim'd a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true
While all is well—is well—is well,"
Peal'd out the good old Dutch Church bell.

"O, swell, ye purifying waters, swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave.
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;
O, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Peal'd out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell;
"Come here, and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road.
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well—do well—do well—do well,"
Peal'd forth the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, fare well,"
In gloomy tones exclaim'd a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here, and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell—farewell!"
Peal'd out the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends, to blight
The future life; be just, do right.
No Hell! no Hell! no Hell! no Hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell—we tell,"
Shouted in ecstacies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free:
Repent! believe! have faith! and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free we tell—we tell,"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

AWAY OFF IN THE WEST

There's a country famed in story,
As you've oftentimes been told,
'Tis a land of mighty rivers, running over sands of gold.
The abode of peace and plenty, and with quietness 'tis blest,
But this country that's so famous, lies way off in the west.

CHORUS.

It is not a land of notions, nor a land of pumpkin pies,
Though renowned for great potatoes and for corn of wondrous size.
And the turkeys run all roasted with a fork stuck in their breast,
Crying, "Eat!" but ah, this country, lies way off in the west.

Once a man in Androscoggin, or in some outlandish place,
With a view to find this country, to the westward set his face.
He was weary of Chicago, so he sat him down to rest,
But 'twas only there the center, not the fabled golden west.

Then he crossed the rolling prairie, stretching onward like a sea,
"I am bound to find this country, if there's such a one," said he.
So he swam the Mississippt, and on Missouri's breast,
He explored the wilds of Kansas for this country in the west.

Climbing o'er the Rocky Mountains, on he kept his weary way,
'Till the broad Pacific waters, right before his vision lay;
So he sat him down and pondered, but for him there was no rest,
"'Tis an island surely," said he, "this fine country in the west."

Then the vessel quick he sailed, and the shore he left behind,
Sailing on with eager longing still this happy isle to find,
After many days, one morning he beheld the wished for land,
Steering 'mid the shoals and breakers, quickly reached the golden strand.

From his gallant bark he landed, wading through the curling foam,
With his eyes wide ope' with wonder, for he found himself at home.
So he learned that one forever might go on and never rest;
Still he would not find this country, for 'tis always farther west.

MARY AND JOHN

Mary and John down in a distant old village,
Fell deep in love and were engaged to be wed;
But one fine day up went the nose of sweet Mary
At what her John of some other girl had said.
John simply smiled, he was much given to teasing,
And some old song he softly started to sing;
Mary with rage every moment grew warmer,
And at his feet threw their engagement ring.

CHORUS.

I won't be your wife, said Mary,
Thank goodness for that, said John;
I hate such a brute, said Mary.
Then other girls don't, said John.
I'm going back to the dairy,
That's just as well, said he,
I hope you'll be at the wedding
Of Mollie Malone and me.

Mary turned round, just went a step or two from him,
Then at her John one farewell sly glance she took—
Thinking, perhaps, he was already repenting,
But all he said was, "Why don't you take your hook."
Out came his pipe, soon clouds of smoke he was puffing
Into the air, stretched out full length on the green;
Mary stood by, her heart was nigh breaking—
Had John become tired of his village queen.

CHORUS.

Well, am I to go, said Mary,
I don't care a rap, said John;
To spite you I won't, said Mary.
Well, maybe yer won't, said John;
Oh, why are you so contrary—
I'll drown myself, sir, said she;
Said John, on your way, dear Mary,
Send Mollie Malone to me.

Tears filled her eyes as with her apron she covered
Her pretty face, heaving a heart-rending sigh;
All now seems o'er, what was the use of her staying—
Turning to John she then gently said "Good-bye."
Up like a shot jumped the young fellow,
All smiling, touched to the heart by such a tender farewell.
Kissed all the tears from the sweet face of his Mary—
Told her the tales fond lovers tell.

CHORUS.

Then John cuddled Mary,
And Mary cuddled John;
He vowed that a fairer fairy,
He never had looked upon.
And while little Mary, laughing,
Her head resting on his breast,
With that I'll conclude the story—
No doubt you can guess the rest.

POEMS WANTED

Can anyone give the poem in which are these words:

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens upon my eyes.

The following is a line of some verses that are asked for:

Old men and young men and boys that wasn't men at all.

The words of the song Colleen Bawn are requested.

POEMS RECEIVED

In answer to recent requests we have received oN Sect in Heaven, The Soldier at the Cemetery, Where Is My Boy Tonight? The Old Man's Dream, My Mother's Prayer, and How Christmas Came to the Poorhouse.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

SHE COULD NOT WALK

For Months — Burning Humor on Ankles—Feet Fearfully Swollen—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep.

ECZEMA YIELDED TO CUTICURA

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times, I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

INSANITY HAINS' DEFENSE

Effort Made to Get Littleton, Thaw's Lawyer, to Take Case.

New York, Aug. 19.—That her husband is a degenerate of one of the worst types, that he has been guilty of repeated cruelty toward her and that instances of his misdoings date back to their honeymoon are the principal charges in the suit for divorce filed by Mrs. Pater C. Hains, wife of the army captain who last Saturday killed William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club while his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, the magazine writer, held a crowd at bay with a revolver.

Insanity will be Capt. Hains' defense and effort will be made to engage Martin W. Littleton, who defended Harry K. Thaw, to join the defense in this case.

The Hains case bids fair to be one of the greatest sensations in United States army social life, and to rival the round table scandal in Berlin, to say nothing of the Major Taggart case, tried in Wooster, Ohio.

That the cause of the killing of Annis was Hains' belief that undue intimacy existed between Annis and Mrs. Hains seems beyond question. It is believed by Charles H. Libbey, father of Mrs. Hains, and by his daughter, that Capt. Hains and his brother had concluded that Annis was behind the bringing of the accusations and that it was Annis who suggested to Mrs. Hains that the only way she could clear herself of charges preferred by Hains in his divorce action was by demanding that the case be tried in open court.

Libbey says his daughter was subjected to great cruelty by Capt. Hains and that she returned home June 2, a few days after she had been beaten and ill-treated by her husband in the presence of his brother. ...ccording to Libbey, Capt. Hains attacked his wife at Fort Hamilton last May and as a result of the beating he is alleged to have given her, medical aid had to be called in, her body being covered with cuts and bruises.

Mrs. Hains and her mother are still in New York. They desire to secure the control of the three children of Captain and Mrs. Hains and are prepared to resort to legal measures to bring this about.

Trial in October.

It is probable that the Hains brothers will be placed on trial early in October. The district attorney of Queen's county will apply to the governor for the assignment of a supreme court justice to sit in extraordinary session. After his appointment the justice will call a special grand jury and the remaining preliminary steps will be pushed with all possible haste.

The body of Annis was interred in St. Michael's cemetery, Astoria, L. I., today. The inquest will be held at 8 tonight in the Flushing town hall.

MRS. HAINS' TALE DENIED

Husband's Lawyer Says Her Confession Was Made Before Witnesses.

PRELUDE TO THE BRAINSTORM DEFENSE.

New York, Aug. 20.—That the claim that Capt. Hains and his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, were suffering from some form of emotional insanity will be the defense offered in their trial, is thus indicated by Lawyer John F. McIntyre:

"When I visited the accused men in the jail I found that Capt. Hains showed evidences of decided mental impairment. His memory is not clear and he can think only of the destruction of his home. Last May, while Capt. Hains was on his way to Manila, his brother Thornton began to receive anonymous letters regarding Annis and Mrs. Hains. I believe both brothers were in a state of mental disturbance when the shooting occurred."

New York, Aug. 20.—After being out 22 minutes the coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Willitm E. Annis, who was killed last Saturday at Bayside, L. I., came to his death as the result of a pistol shot wound inflicted by Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., U. S. A., aided and abetted by T. Jenkins Hains, his literary brother. There was a greater crowd than the little courtroom in the town hall at Flushing, L. I., could hold when the inquest began and hundreds of men and women awaited the verdict outside, although both the defense and prosecution did not consider the inquest of much importance, since Captain Hains admits the shooting.

A crowd gathered around T. Jenkins Hains and began to ask him if he felt justified in holding a crowd at bay with a revolver while his brother shot down Annis. Before Hains could reply John F. McIntyre, chief counsel for the brothers, rushed to his side and shouted: "No, no, don't answer that question."

In his efforts to prevent Hains from answering the lawyer clapped his hands over his client's moutuh. McIntyre later said:

"In an answer to a statement made by Mrs. Hains that she was made to sign a confession while under the influence of drugs, I wish to say that my clients and their distinguished father have told me that there were four witnesses present when the confession was made, one of them being a prominent New York lawyer. These witnesses will testify at the trial."

Captain Hains denies that he sent letters to Annis, challenging him to a duel.

CHANGE YOUR SEED WHEAT

We will send you enough seed of our improved, hardy, heavy yielding varieties to sow 20 acres for only $1.00 more than if you would sow your own wheat. Not $1.00 a bushel, but $1.00 more for 20 acres. Send for our offer and catalog, be convinced and order quickly before supply is exhausted. GET A CHANGE OF SEED WHEAT THIS YEAR. Our wheat yielded 50 bushels an acre against common kinds 10 to 12 bu. in Clarke Co., Ind.; 48½ bu. in Allegheny Co., Pa.; 53 acres in Rush Co., Ind., yielded 2,083 bu. An old farmer in Muskingum Co., O., says: "I never saw such wheat in 40 years." Etc. Ours is the largest seed wheat house in the country. Circulars free. Don't wait a minute. Write today.

O. K. SEED STORE, Box 121, Indianapolis, Ind.

54 GIRL MORMON CONVERTS HELD AND MAY BE DEPORTED

Boston, Mass., Aug. 24.—Because of recent orders received from Washington, immigration officials have detained 54 young women Mormon converts who arrived on the steamship Republic. They came from Germany, Holland and Scandinavia. There were 108 converts in the party and none were allowed to depart until the examinations, which were very thorough, had been concluded.

Among the number detained are Margaret and Catherine Roe, young girls who belong in Liverpool, England, and whose father cabled the authorities asking that they be held on their arrival. The girls were indignant and declared that they had paid their own passage.

Arrangements had been made to take the entire party west by special train last night, but owing to activity of the immigration officers the plan was abandoned. Those who were not detained were quartered at a hotel while the Mormon elders having charge of the party, were looking into the cases of those held up.

Whether all or any of those detained will be deported has not been decided. Immigration Commissioner Billing and a special board of inquiry will conduct further investigation into the case.

ACTING LIKE A MADMAN

Prosecutor Says Slayer of Annis Is Only "Rehearsing."

New York, Aug. 21.—Capt. Peter C. Hains, U. S. A., slayer of William E. Annis, paces the corridor in front of his cell shrieking: "He debauched my wife," over and over again. District Attorney Darrin says Hains is only "rehearsing." It is clearly going to be a Thaw case over again, if the defense has its way, although the prosecution declares it will stand for the advancement of no brainstorm arguments.

A story casting reflections on the birth of the three Hains children has been sprung and it was at first stated that the rumor had been started by Counsel John F. McIntyre, acting for Hains. McIntyre vigorously denies.

Weldon C. Percy, the first lawyer called to defend Capt. Hains and his brother, says regarding the much-exploited automobile ride of Capt. Hains just after his return from the Philippines:

"The captain returned with the conviction that the gossip connecting Annis and his wife was without foundation. He studied on a way to speedily silence the detractors of the woman he loved and decided that the best way would be to openly invite Annis to dinner at the fort.

"He did this trusting in the word of his wife. That night Annis came to the fort with his wife, and after dinner the four—Mrs. Hains, the captain and Mr. and Mrs. Annis—went out together on an automobile ride. Subsequently the captain discovered the truth.

"The talk of Mrs. Hains not having been in full possession of her faculties at the time she signed the confession is ridiculous. Fully twelve hours elapsed between her oral and her written confessions."

HAINS IN COURT

Captain Who Slew Annis Faces Judge, Handcuffed to Brother.

New York, Aug. 24.—Wearing the uniform of a United States army captain, Peter C. Hains faced court today. With his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, he was taken to the magistrates' court in Long Island City, charged with the killing of William E. Annis, at the Bayside Yacht club over a week ago. The brother is charged with being an accessory to the act. By agreement with the district attorney the arraignment was postponed until next Friday. The brothers were handcuffed. As he sank into a seat Captain Hains appeared to be on the verge of collapse.

Conferences were held yesterday by lawyers engaged to defend Capt. Peter C. Hains and his brother Thornton. After interviewing a number of prospective witnesses, John F. McIntyre announced he was prepared to prove that the visit of the two brothers to Bayside Yacht club did not have the murder of William E. Annis as its object. He had several witnesses, he declared, who could testify that Thornton Hains had entered into negotiations to purchase land at Bayside several weeks before the tragedy, and he would establish the fact that the Hains brothers had gone to Bayside to examine the real estate offered them and not to shoot Annis. Mr. McIntyre announced that the line of defense to be adopted in behalf of Thornton Hains had not been definitely determined. As far as the captain was concerned, insanity would be invoked as an extenuating circumstance.

HOLLAND SENDS 50 MEN

Wee Detachment Crosses Sea to Reinforce Willemstad.

Amsterdam, Aug. 21.—A detachment of fifty men left here today to reinforce the garrison maintained by Holland at Willemstad, Curacao. The present strength of the garrison is ten officers and 162 men, and there is a militia organization of 400 men.

No More Mail Boats

Willemsted, Curacao, Aug. 21.—Each day brings a development in the difficulty between the Netherlands and Venezuela, indicating retaliatory measures on one side or the other, and this morning it was learned that the Royal Dutch West Indian Mail line had decided temporarily to discontinue its Venezuelan service.

The steamer Prinz Willem V, belonging to this line, has arrived here from Carupano, Venezuela, and Superintendent Devries was interviewed today regarding the plans of the company. He said:

"Although we do not fear the Venezuelan authorities will molest our steamers in Venezuelan ports, the recent occurrences in connection with the quarantine regulations imposed by neighboring countries have obliged the company to discontinue its Venezuelan service for the time being."

CARRIE IS AT KALAMAZOO

Cigaret Advertisement in Car Arouses Her Ire.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 22.—"Tear that sign down. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for working for a company who will permit cigarette signs in the street cars," said Mrs. Carrie Nation as she stamped from one end of a Portage street car and startled a score of passengers who did not know her, "and you," she continued to a young man on the rear platform, "should be man enough to throw that snipe away."

Mrs. Nation addressed a large assemblage of men and women here yesterday. She attacked women who wore "silk dresses, loud stockings and peek-a-boo waists."

MURDER AND SUICIDE

Detroit Man Shoots Wife While Little Son Fights to Save Mother.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 21.—Heedless of the desperate struggles of a sister and a 10-year-old son of his victim, who fought madly to prevent him from committing murder, Philip Wier knelt beside the prostrate form of his estranged wife, yesterday afternoon, and while her little son beat him about the head with part of an old metal pail, held her head against his knee, pressed his revolver to her temple and fired.

Then he stumbled to his feet, and running across the wide field in which he had committed his crime, after a sensational pursuit of his victim, he drained the contents of a four-ounce bottle of carbolic acid, ran almost two blocks, and stumbled and fell dying just as Detective Asa Bowden caught up to him to place him under arrest.

The murder occurred in a big field at the rear of 300 Crawford avenue, the home of Mrs. Fred Monroe, a sister of the murdered woman. Wier sent word for his wife to meet him and as she approached he opened fire whereupon Mrs. Wier turned and ran into the field, followed by her husband, sister and little son, Harry.

Out in the field, a short distance from the gate, Mrs. Wier attempted to turn and run back into the house, but she stumbled and fell, and in an instant the crazed man stood over her, striking her on the shoulder with the butt of the revolver.

Mrs. Monroe fought to get hold of his arm and little Harry, seizing a piece of an old metal garbage pail, beat Wier over the head with it as he knelt beside his wife, pulled her head over on his knee and sent his last bullet crashing into her brain.

Wier's father, John Wier, of 121 Hunt street, declares that his son had seen his wife, from whom he had been estranged for months, walking with a soldier at Gratiot and Randolph streets last Saturday night and expresses the belief that his son was crazed with jealousy when he committed the crime.

BRIDE HURLS HERSELF 1,200 FEET TO DEATH.

Heringsdorf, Prussia, Aug. 22.—The bride of a week of Professor Rudolph Spitzer, of Sternberg, Mecklenberg-Schwerin, yesterday threw herself from the top of the Bismarck tower here, falling 1,200 feet to the bottom of the cliffs upon which the tower is built.

The couple came here on their honeymoon. The woman left a note addressed to her husband asking his forgiveness and requesting that he marry another woman with whom he could be more happy. Prior to their marriage the pair had been engaged for ten years.

CHARGED WITH BIG THEFT

Arrest Made in the Chicago United States Sub-Treasury Mystery.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—The mystery of the theft of $173,000 from the United States sub-treasury a year and a half ago, one of the largest losses the government has ever suffered in this manner, is believed to have been solved by the arrest yesterday of George W. Fitzgerald. Others are believed to have been implicated in the crime which for months completely baffled government secret service men.

Fitzgerald was admitted to bail today by Judge Chetlain. Counsel for the defendant pleaded for an immediate hearing, but the court postponed the examination until August 31st to allow the state's attorney to collect further evidence.

"I have not a nickel that does not belong to me," exclaimed Fitzgerald to reporters.

Fitzgerald was an assorting teller under Assistant U. S. Treasurer William Boldenweck. Suspicion at the time of the theft, February 20, 1907, rested on him, but so plausible was his story and so intense his apparent interest in discovering the real culprit that interest ceased to center in him.

Say They Have Case.

The men interested in the arrest of Fitzgerald say that they have a strong case against him. States Attorney Healy and his first assistant, James J. Barbour, have known of the suspicions against the prisoner for the last month, and Detective Joseph Kinder, one of the veteran detectives of the state's attorney's office, was detailed weeks ago to work on the case in conjunction with the private detectives.

There is a strong suspicion that the government will take no hand in the prosecution of Fitzgerald and that the case will have to lie, as it does now, in the state's attorney's office.

The warrant on which Fitzgerald was arrested was sworn out by Detective Young, before Judge Chetlain, and simply accuses the former subtreasury employe of stealing the $173,000 from William Boldenwreck, said subtreasurer. There is no mention made of the government. It is believed that Chief Wilkie and Captain Porter look askance upon the evidence in the case. A number of telegrams passed between them yesterday, and while Captain Porter refused to be quoted and would say nothing beyond generalizing, it is believed that he does not think the evidence strong and that the arrest was premature.

In his cell at the county jail Fitzgerald was cool and confident. When seen, he refused to talk.

Of Varied Nature.

The evidence which it is asserted has been collected against Fitzgerald is of a varied nature. The private operatives who have been working on the case and Assistant State's Attorney Barbour contend that it is strong enough to make out a prima facie case against the accused.

Friends of Fitzgerald, on the other hand, have rallied to his defense and explain away categorically and to their own satisfaction every point made against him, detailing every fact in the transactions held suspicious by his accusers.

BOSS SHOOTS 3 WORKMEN

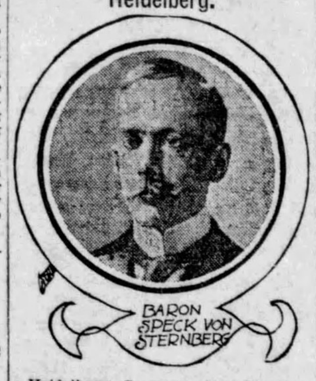
Fires When Strikers Try to Destroy Work.

Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 22.—Three Italians were shot and seriously injured yesterday by a construction boss at Dam No. 11, on the Ohio river below Wellsburg, W. Va.

The Italians at work on the dam struck for an increase in wages and when their demands were refused, it is said, they tried to destroy parts of the completed work. One of the construction bosses opened fire on the strikers with a revolver, driving them away and wounding three of them.

VON STERNBURG DEAD

German Ambassador to United States Passes Away at Heidelberg.



Heidelberg, Germany, Aug. 24.—Baron Speck Von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, died in Hotel Victoria at midnight. The baronness, who was Miss Lillian May Langham, of Louisville, Ky., was with him.

The baron and baronness came here from Homburg the end of last month to consult Prof. Vincenz Czerny, a skin specialist, concerning a malady from which the ambassador was suffering. After a prolonged examination of the diseased part on the left side of Baron Von Sternburg's head, Prof. Czerny affirmed that the trouble was not cancer, but a lupus, and that he could cure it.

Von Sternburg had thought that his long agony was nearly over and that he soon would be well. It had been arranged he should go to Berlin in September to be received by Emperor William preparatory to his return to Washington.

Von Goetzen May Succeed.

Berlin, Aug. 24.—The foreign office today sent a cablegram to Count Hermann Von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, German charge d'affaires at Washington, instructing him to inform President Roosevelt that the question of a successor to the baron probably would not be settled until Prince Von Buelow, imperial chancellor, had seen the emperor, which may not be until the second week in September.

Some of the diplomats under consideration for this post are Count Von Goetzen, Prussian minister at Hamburg, Herr Von Reichenau, German minister to Brazil, and Dr. Baron Mumm Von Schwarzenstein, ambassador to Japan.

An American diplomat, in conversation with Emperor William in January of this year, said something complimentary of Count Von Goetzen. "I am glad to hear you say this," replied the emperor, "because Count Von Goetzen will be the next ambassador to Washington."

WOMAN MOB LEADER

Mrs. Kate Howard Is Charged With Malicious Mischief in Springfield Riots.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 21.—Military rule ceased in Springfield today, the militia force here being reduced to one regiment and the task of preserving order being turned over to the civil authorities. The first cavalry broke camp at daylight and the Seventh infantry patrols were withdrawn from the streets. Sheriff Werner had an increased force of deputies on duty and the city police was also reinforced by a few special policemen. Except for the closed saloons and the ruined homes and business houses in some of the streets there was nothing to indicate that a week ago the city had been in the hands of an uncontrolled mob.

Ten Indictments.

Ten indictments against two of the alleged mob leaders were returned by the special grand jury of Sangamon county late yesterday. Six of these are against Abraham Raymor and four are against Kate Howard. Raymor is charged with murder, four cases of malicious mischief and one of riot. The charges against Mrs. Howard are for malicious mischief and are identical with those against Raymor on these counts.

The murder charge against Raymor is based on his alleged participation in the lynching of William Donigan.

The indictments charge both Raymor and Mrs. Howard with participation in the looting of the Loper restaurant and also with aiding in the wrecking of the building.

INJURED IN LODGE ROOM, ASKS FOR $10,000 DAMAGES.

Golden City, Mo., Aug. 24.—Alleging that four of his ribs were broken and that he was otherwise injured when he resisted efforts to brand him, John A. Greisel, editor of the Golden City Register, has brought suit against eight members of the Modern Woodmen of America camp here, asking $10,000 damages.

The attack occurred, Greisel says in his petition, on April 10, while he was taking the second degree in the Woodmen initiation ceremonies.

RULER TAKEN PRISONER

Captured by Soldiers of His Brother, Who Is Fighting for Supremacy.

Tangier, Aug. 22.—It is reported here that Abd-El-Aziz, the recognized sultan of Morocco, has been captured by the followers of Mulai Hafid, his brother, who is fighting him for supremacy.

The troops of Mulai Hafid are said to have been routed at a point fifty miles from Morocco City, after which the sultan was made a prisoner.

WILBUR WRIGHT HONORED

French Society Presents Ohio Aeroplanist With a Medal.

Also Gives Him One for Orville —Ohioan Is Banqueted by Baron.

Clermont-Creans, Aug. 24.—Baron D'Estournelles de Constant gave a luncheon yesterday at his country seat in honor of Wilbur Wright, the Ohio aeroplanist. Several other Americans and a number of French scientists were present.

In the afternoon a recepton was given Wright by the local agricultural society, of which the baron is president. He presented two medals to Wright, one for himself and the other for his brother, Orville Wright, now at Fort Myer, near Washington, and about to make balloon experiments.

FINAL MOVE TO ADJUST OSBORNE-MALONEY AFFAIR

New York, Aug. 22.—What is believed to be a move for a final adjustment of the marital difficulties of Helen Maloney, daughter of Martin Maloney, of Philadelphia, and Arthur H. Osborne, of this city, was the filing yetserday in the county clerk's office of a memorandum announcing that a dicision and interlocutory judgment of annulment of marriage had been granted to the parties named.

The fact is set forth in the memorandum that the decree was filed in the county clerk's ofnce on May 29, 1908. The three months from the entering of the interlocutory decree elapsed yesterday, and although it was said that no final decree of annulment had been signed it was understood that yesterday's action was for the purpose of bringing the case before the supreme court for that purpose.

A ceremony after the form of a marriage was performed at Mamaroneck, L. I., on December 28, 1905, Miss Maloney giving the name of Helen Eugene. On May 29 Justice McCall, of the supreme court, signed an interlocutory decree annulling the ceremony, saying that there never had been any marriage between the plaintiff and the defendant. The court directed that final judgment should not be entered in the action until after the expiration of three months.

INDICT SIX MORE

"Have Only Made Fair Start," Says Assistant State's Attorney.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 22.—Six more alleged riot leaders have been caught in the grand jury net here. The inquisitorial body last night returned indictments against six persons, the documents charging 20 separate offenses. All were predicated upon the trouble at Loper's restaurant and were identical with those charged against Kate Howard in the indictments returned Thursday. The jury has as yet confined its work to investigating the riot at Loper's, except in the case of Abraham Raymer, who was indicted for murder in connection with the lynching of William Donigan last Saturday.

Only Started.

"We have only made a fair start," says Assistant State's Attorney Wines. "With the character of evidence that is coming in and the seeming determination of the grand jury to rid the community of the lawless element there is every chance that half a hundred or more indictments will be returned within the next ten days."

The small towns of the county continue to be danger spots. At Buffalo, a village 15 miles from here, the following notice has been posted at the interurban trolley line station:

"All negroes wanted out of town by Monday, 12 a. m., sharp."

It was signed by "Buffalo sharpshooters."

Complaints also filter in daily from the mining camps, coming from whites and negroes alike. Each race seems distrustful of the other in these communities and Sheriff Werner is puzzled as to how to cope with the situation.

Troops on Duty.

No intimation of the Seventh regiment's release from duty has been given as yet. It is the understanding of the officers of the command, however, that they will be kept here until well into next week if not longer. No chance of a revival of the mob spirit is to be given and it is thought it will be effectually quenched by the time the grand jury has finished returning indictments.

KILLS SELF; LOVER DEAD

Daughter of American Ends Her Life in Paris.

Paris, Aug. 24.—Miss Winifred Parsons, daughter of the late Charles Parsons, president of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad, was found dead with a bullet wound in her head yesterday in her apartment in Avenue Iena. The police say the case is one of suicide. The girl had been suffering from melancholia since the death of her fiance, a young Frenchman, Emile Maas, who died four months ago from consumption. Miss Parsons was found dead in bed at noon by a maid who entered the room with her breakfast. The girl's right hand clutched a revolver, a bullet from which had penetrated the brain.

HURT IN AUTO ACCIDENTS

Car Turns Turtle at Harmonsburg, Pa., and Eight Are Injured.

Titusville, Pa., Aug. 24.—An automobile containing nine Pittsburgers turned turtle at Harmonsburg, near here, last evening when running at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Eight persons were injured. J. B. Badger, owner and driver of the machine, suffered contusions about the face and head. Miss Estella Feldsman sustained internal injuries. Both are seriously hurt. Minor injuries were sustained by Miss Helen Nold; Louis Bass, James Rogers, William Kelly, Thomas O'Malley and Lawrence Boylan. First aid to the injured was rendered by Harmonsburg physicians and the party was taken to Conneaut Lake, where they were treated by surgeons.

Car Hits Auto.

Los Augeles, Cal., Aug. 24.—Six persons were injured, one probably fatally, late yesterday, when an inbound Los Angeles-Pacific car struck an automobile at Sixteenth street and Western avenue, destroying the machine and hurling its six passengers in every direction. The injured are:

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McKibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Corey Hoff, Mrs. Anna Hoff, Sarah Hoff. Mrs. Anna Hoff is believed to have been the most seriously injured.

Plunged Through Fence.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 24.—Seven Milwaukeeans were injured last night, one probably fatally, when an automobile driven by H. R. King, broke near Richfield, Wis., plunged through a barbed wire fence. The injured are: Henry R. King, manager of the Savo Company of America, internal injuries; probably fatal; John Buckley, deputy game warden; Jacob Kau, restaurant proprietor; William McCann; Raymond and Mildred Sandberg, son and daughter of Chas. Sandberg.

Ran Over a Boy.

Dresden, Aug. 24.—A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago, accompanied by his wife and daughter, was automobiling from Karlsbad to Dresden last Saturday, when the car ran over and killed a boy, in the village of Schmiedeberg. It appears that the boy ran suddenly in front of the machine. Although the automobile was being driven slowly at the time it was impossible to avoid the fatal accident.

When it became known that the child was dead, the villagers made a hostile demonstration against the Bartlett party, the members of which took refuge in a nearby hotel. Mr. Bartlett telephoned Consul-General Gaffney, at Dresden, who, with Deputy Consul-General Bywar, went down to Schmiedeberg. They found the police and village authorities in session taking testimony. It was decided that the chauffeur was blameless.

Mr. Bartlett said that he would indemnify the family of the boy.

76 MEN PERISHED IN MINE

Workings Will Be Flooded to Extinguish Flames.

Wigan, Aug. 21.—It is now known that 76 miners perished in the explosion and the fire that followed it in the Maypole mine. Finding that it would be impossible to recover the bodies still in the pit, the fire having taken such a firm hold, the directors have decided to flood the mine.

WOMEN TO SOAR IN AIR

Four Will Journey Through Space in Struggle for Proffered Trophy.

DECLARES HE CAN REVERSE GRAVITATION.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—William Henry Samson, an Evanston machinist, says that he has outdone Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the force of gravity. Newton discovered the force and there stopped. Mr. Samson insists he has discovered a method of reversing the force so that it will operate upward, and thereby to have settled once and for all the problem of aerial navigation.

New York, Aug. 22.—In an effort to make a record aerial trip four women, well known in social circles in New York and Philadelphia, will start in a balloon from Huntington bay, Long Island, August 29. The ascension will be made under the auspices of the Philadelphia Aeronautical society and the balloon will be the 50,000 cubic foot passenger "Philadelphia." Accompanying the women will be Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge and Dr. George Simmerman, of Philadelphia.

The trip will be made for the Eldridge-Simmerman ladies' aeronautical cup, offered to women of the United States for the best distance traveled in one ascension in any air craft.

To provide against dangers from a possible landing on the water the basket of the "Philadelphia" is equipped with air-tight compartments, which will keep the basket and its occupants afloat until picked up. Several fast power boats will accompany the balloon across Long Island Sound should the balloon take a northerly direction, and motor cars will trail it if it goes along across Long Island toward the ocean.

Prepares for Flights.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Orville Wright, of Dayton, O., whose brother, Wilbur Wright, has had phenomenal success flying an aeroplane in France, was at Fort Myer yesterday where he will make official flights before a board of army officers to determine whether the Wright brothers' aeroplane fulfills government requirements.

Wilbur Wright Ascends.

Lemans, Aug. 22.—Wilbur Wright, the Ohio aeroplanist, made his first appearance yesterday since his enforced cessation of experiments as the result of the recent accident to his machine. The demonstration last evening was made at Auvours. No attempt was made to accomplish anything in the nature of a long flight, but the evolutions were made with the accustomed consummate skill. The machine soared to a height of 75 feet and landed without a mishap.

Royalty in the Air.

Berlin, Aug. 22.—Crown Prince Frederick William made his first balloon ascension last evening and maneuvered for a short time a miltiary dirigible machine of the semi-rigid system. On landing the crown prince said he had enjoyed the trip and told Major Parseval he would try that inventor's flexible airship on another occasion when he would remain longer in the air.

The Parseval steerable balloon made an ascension today from Tegel when the wind was blowing 25 miles an hour. The machine for a while was driven slowly against the wind, but the motor became overheated and showed a slight defect. This made necessary a descent at the suburb of Wittenau in an open lot, which was safely accomplished.

Proposes Air Institute.

Friedrichshafen, Aug. 22. — Count Zeppelin, of the famous airship that was recently destroyed, has announced that he intends to found an institute for the investigation and solution of the problem of air navigation in the interest of German industry, defense and science. The contributions made by the public, he says, are now far beyond the sum necessary to replace the destroyed airship and beyond the sum he intends to accept toward the recuperation of his private fortune, which was spent in airship experiments. All of the surplus now on hand and all further contributions will be added to the endowment of the institute.

BRITONS BANQUET SPERRY

Sydney Puts in Another Day Entertaining Fleet.

Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 22.—The city today was again en fete in honor of the visit of the American Atlantic battleship fleet. The entertainments of the morning and afternoon were principally for the enlisted men, many of whom were given shore leave. Five hundred started early this morning, as guests of the government, in special trains for Newcastle and the Blue Mountains, returning to Sydney this evening, but many preferred to witness the foot ball and baseball matches, the aquatic sports and an exhibition by firemen. For the latter event 20,000 spectators gather and the American jackies applauded frequently.

The principal event was a banquet this evening tendered to Admiral Sperry and the senior officers by Vice Admiral Sir Richard Poore, commander in chief of the British squadron in Australian waters. A baseball team composed of sailors from the battleship Nebraska defeated the team of the Sydney university by a score of 3 to 0, and the team representing the entire fleet defeated the New South Wales team by a score of 6 to 5. But at Rugby football New South Wales turned the tables and defeated a team from the fleet by a score of 6 to 3.

BOOST WORLD-LANGUAGE

Esperanto Congress Decides to Hold Two Meetings in 1909.

Dresden, Aug. 22.—The fourth Esperanto congress came to an end today. It was decided to hold two congresses in 1909, one in Chautauqua, New York, and the other in Barcelona, Spain. It is presumed that the leading spirits in this movement for the adoption of a universal language will visit both conferences.

MORE BRITISH WARSHIPS

Two Will Be Launched Before End of the Year.

London, Aug. 24.—Before the close of the year two more battleships of the Dreadnought class, are to be launched for the British navy and work on another commenced. The St. Vincent will take the water Sept. 10 and the Collingwood Nov. 7.

The Indian Lands Are Thrown Open for Settlement

Over 8,000,000 acres of Indian lands in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) were opened for settlement on July 27th, when the government restrictions were removed. This land was set aside by the government for the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, and each Indian was allotted from 40 to 320 acres of land which he was not permitted to sell. It was thought that if the Indian could not sell his land he would cultivate it, but this was not generally the case. The rich lands lay idle, and did the Indian no good, so by a recent act of Congress the restrictions were removed and the Indian is now allowed to sell his land and the government will give the purchaser a clear title to it.

Here is a garden spot right in the heart of civilization, and thousands have been watching and waiting for an opportunity such as this.

These lands vary in character greatly, and almost any kind of land, from rich bottom lands capable of growing from 40 to 70 bushels of corn, 20 to 30 bushels of wheat or three-fourths bale to a bale of cotton to the acre, down to the hilly land that is excellent for fruits, can be obtained at very low prices.

The rainfall is abundant, averaging 35 to 40 inches—about the same as that of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

Hundreds of towns and cities dot this fertile Indian country, many of which have all of the advantages of cities in the older settled States, such as schools and churches, hotels, libraries, electric lights, telephones and telegraph lines, street railways, etc.

Only 11% of the present population of Indian Territory are Indians, and they are civilized, law-abiding citizens. If you are not satisfied with the opportunities where you are now located, this is your great chance to better your condition.

Take a trip down there and look around; find the farm that just suits you, and buy it while it is cheap.

The Rock Island-Frisco Lines have over 1300 miles of railway in the territory where the restrictions have been removed—over three times as much as any other line.

Purchase your ticket over the Rock Island-Frisco-Chicago & Eastern Illinois Lines and you will see the best. Low round-trip rates will be in effect to all points in these lands and other parts of the Southwest on September 1st and 15th, October 6th and 20th, and the first and third Tuesdays of other months.

Rock Island

If you are interested, write for full information. We will post you on conditions and furnish you with names of reliable men who will aid you to get a desirable piece of land.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Manager
1723 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill. 1723 Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

FRISCO

Rock Island-Frisco-Chicago & Eastern Illinois Lines

SEVEN CHILDREN BURN

Six Cremated in One House While Their Parents Are Absent.

Colfax, Wash., Aug. 21.—Six children are dead and two others are burned so seriously that recovery is doubtful at the H. W. Schultz ranch between Colfax and Palouse, resulting from a fire that destroyed the home.

Four of the dead were children of Schultz. The other two were children of W. W. Fox, a brother-in-law. The men were away harvesting and the mothers were attending a theatrical performance.

The two eldest Schultz girls attempted to rescue the children, but lost the way to the door and were forced to drop the babies to make their own escape. The cause of the fre is a mystery.

Girl Meets Death.

Blairsville, Pa., Aug. 21.—Fire early today in a building occupied as a bakery with residences above, caused the death of Isabelle Pierre, five years old, and the fatal injury of her father, Joseph Pierre. The fire started in the bakery. The child was suffocated in bed by the smoke and her father's injuries were sustained in his efforts to save his daughter. All the other occupants of the two upper floors had narrow escapes and were rescued in their night clothes.

Dog Saves Families.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 21.—Three families aroused early this morning to find their houses on fire, narrowly escaped cremation and were rescued in their night clothes without time to dress. The barking of a pet dog aroused Joseph Schell, of 108 Washington street, whose family were gotten out just as the walls fell in, burying the dog which gave the warning. While this fire was in progress another was discovered not far away and the buildings from 2246 to 2252 Center avenue, were consumed.

BANKERS READY FOR RUSH

Financial Conditions Shown to Be Gradually but Certainly Improving.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Treasury officials are encouraged in their belief that business conditions are gradually but certainly improving, not only by the increasing receipts from customs and internal revenue, but by the very favorable showing made by national banks

A comparison of the last summary of condition of the national banks made by the comptroller of the currency July 5, 1908, with the corresponding period for 1907, shows an increase in specie and legal tenders held by the banks of $147,395,27. There also has been an increase in the surplus of $15,741,420 and in circulation of $61,714,500. Individual deposits have been increased $55,515,805, and total resources of the banks, $323,735,997. The following items of resources may show increases by the amounts given over the same items held in May, 1907:

Specie and legal tenders	$157,427,601
Capital stock	27,499,933
Surplus	29,250,393
Bank circulations	65,746,270
Individual deposits	51,671,067
Total resources	$237,562,966

These figures show the largest gain, for any one year, in the cash holdings of the banks in the history of the national banking system. The percentage of cash held to deposits is now 15.53 per cent as against 13.34 per cent in 1907, and 12.70 per cent in 1906. This percentage was exceeded only once before, in 1904, when the proportionate cash to deposits amounted to 16.13 per cent. The individual deposits on July 15, 1908, aggregated $4,374,551,208, the highest in the history of the system.

These figures, it is stated, indicate that the banks are strong in reserve and prepared to meet any normal demands that may be made this fall.

The receipts from customs show an increase as compared with the panic months, and further and more important increases are confidently expected. For the first 21 days in July, 1908, the customs receipts amounted to $12,816,752 as against $15,793,845 for the corresponding period this month.

ATTACK HINDOO WORKMEN

Italians Twice Engage Strike Breakers in Fight.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 22.—Angered at the sight of forty Hindoo strike-breakers filling their places in the Northern Pacific railroad yards, fifty Italian laborers, armed with stones, clubs and other weapons, twice yesterday engaged the Hindoos in a fight, but were repulsed by the latter with bullets.

FLAMES DESTROY TOWN

Hazen, Nevada, Near Reno, Is Wiped Off the Map by Fire.

Reno, Nev., Aug. 24.—The railroad town of Hazen, 40 miles east of Reno, was destroyed by fire yesterday. Loss $125,000. The homeless were taken to Fallon.

Big Factory Burns.

Belleville, Ill., Aug. 24.—Fire last night destroyed the factory of the Jordan Shoe company, employing 100 men, and the adjoining elevator of the Crown Milling company. The loss to the shoe company will exceel $120,000, partially covered by insurance. The Crown Milling company's loss is $28,000, with $25,000 insurance.

Guests Flee for Lives.

New York, Aug. 24.—Fire which broke out in the Holmes cottage, a summer hotel at Edgemere, L. I., last night forced the 100 or more guests to make a hurried departure. Many of them had to leave in scant attire, some without their valuables and most of them without any of their effects whatever.

The Edgemere hotel adjoining the Holmes cottage, caught fire several times from the burning building and the danger from the flames drove the guests of the larger building, panic stricken, into the grounds.

All the fire apparatus in five nearby resorts was called to the scene and their work prevented the spread of the flames.

The cottage was completely destroyed at a loss estimated at $50,000 exclusive of the guests' belongings.

Great Fire at Stamboul.

Constantinople, Aug. 24.

KERN IS NOTIFIED

Large Crowd Attends Ceremonies at Fair Grounds Near Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 25.—John Worth Kern, Democratic candidate for vice president, was formally notified today of his nomination. The meeting was held in the elaborately decorated Coliseum at the state fair grounds, and was attended by many thousands of people regardless of party, attracted by the distinguished speakers on the program.

William Jennings Bryan and other speakers, members of the notification committee appointed at the Denver convention, members of the national committee headed by Norman E. Mack, and others of the official party, arrived last night and on early morning trains. A conference was held last night between Mr. Bryan, Mr. Mack, Mr. Kern, members of the national and congressional committees, and others, at which campaign matters were discussed.

The morning hours today were devoted to conferences by party leaders, while a band concert at the Denison hotel assisted in amusing the crowds that poured through the corridors. Later a reception was held by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern in the hotel parlors.

The program for the day included luncheon at the hotel by the speakers and members of the national and notification committees, after which the official party was driven to the state fair grounds in automobiles, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Kern and Chairman Bell, of the notification committee, riding together.

The ride through the city to the fair grounds was through the principal business streets and past the Kern residence. The doors of the Coliseum were thrown open to the public several hours before the exercises began.

Thomas E. Taggart, national committeeman from Indiana, had been selected to call the meeting to order. He immediately handed the gavel to National Chairman Mack, who introduced Theodore E. Bell, of California, chairman of the notification committee, who formally notified Mr. Kern that he had been selected by the Democratic party to go on the national ticket with Mr. Bryan.

Bell Breaks "News."

In advising Mr. Kern of his nomination Mr. Bell said in part:

"The lines of battle are drawing for one of the severest political struggles in the history of the country. Just one more ceremony remains to be performed before the contending forces take the field for action. Assembled here today from every section of America are representatives of the Democracy to whom has been delegated the great privilege of tendering to you, Mr. Kern, an honor and trust as sacred as any political body can offer to one of its most loyal and distinguished members, and that is the Democratic nomination for the vice presidency of the United States.

"In selecting you for this high honor, the Democratic national convention was not unmindful of the fact that the office of vice president has so gained in authority and national importance that he who is chosen for that exalted position must possess every qualification, moral and intellectual, that fits a man to become the chief magistrate of his people.

"These qualifications you were found to possess in a pre-eminent degree. Your neighbors told us at Denver that in your private character you valued the homely virtues of life far above the tinsel which so often excites the desires and ambitions of men. In your public career in your state, your neighbors recalled that your official acts were always born of an honesty of purpose and that your constituency, from your point of view, was limited only by the boundaries of your state.

"It is a just cause, this fight of ours for a return to the first principles of self government and under the leadership of yourself and your illustrious colleague whom I have just described, the names of Bryan and Kern will spell success for the party that declares for popular rule."

Kern Speaks.

Mr. Kern in his speech of acceptance devoted some time to the question, "Shall the people rule?" He deprecated what he claimed is excessive power in the hands of the speaker of the house of representatives and denied that the people have ruled, because he said their will had not been given effect. He cited the demand for a reduction in the tariff on white paper and wood pulp, and the failure of the Babcock tariff bill of 1902.

Mr. Kern charged that there is a power within the Republican party determined that the people shall not rule; which power has manifested itself whenever effort has been made to check the destructive work of unlawful combination, reduce the tariff or equalize burdens by legislation. The Democratic party, he said, would draw a sharp line between lawful business lawfully conducted and unlawful business.

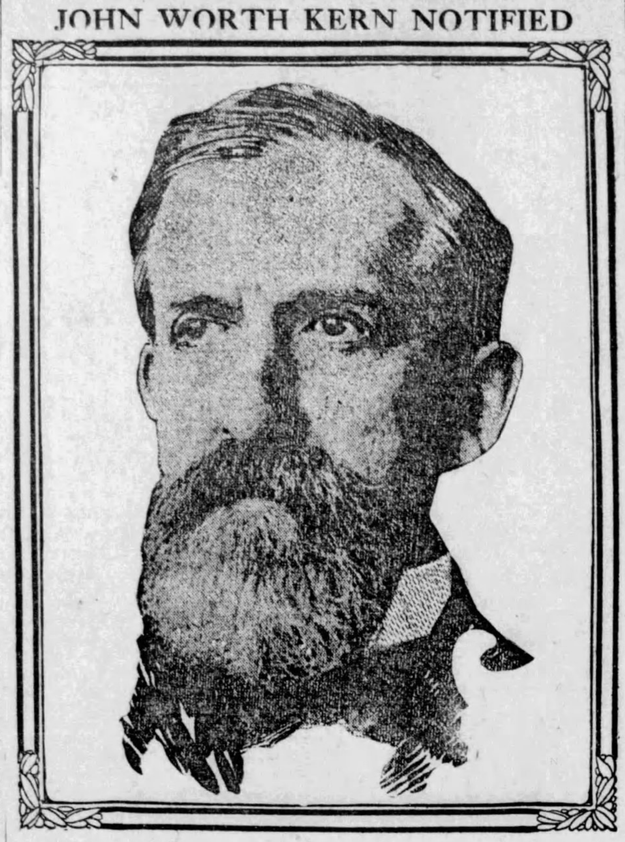
The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Father Gavisk, of St. John's Roman Catholic church, this city, music separating the speeches. Thomas R. Marshall, Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana, followed Mr. Kern. Mr. Marshall in his brief address paid a tribute on behalf of the Indiana Democracy to the national candidates, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern.

Following Mr. Marshall's speech, speech, Mr. Bryan was presented and given a great ovation. After the cheering had subsided Mr. Bryan spoke at length upon the trust issue.

Mr. Bryan began his address by attacking the Republican party for what he termed its indifference in its treatment of the trusts. Continuing he said:

"The Republican platform says that experience has shown that the effectiveness of the anti-trust law could be strengthened by amendments which will give the federal government greater supervision

JOHN WORTH KERN NOTIFIED



JOHN W. KERN,
Democratic Candidate for Vice President, Who Was Notified Today of His Nomination.

and control over, and greater publicity as to, the management of those interstate commerce corporations which have the power and opportunity to affect monopolies. That is all. No pointing out of remedies; no outlining of a plan for more effective legislation—simply a general statement that promises nothing in particular. And Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance is even weaker than the platform. He gives no evidence of having studied the question or of comprehending the iniquities of a monopoly. You look in vain in his notification speech for any sign of indignation at what the trusts have been doing or for evidence of zeal in their prosecution. He has for years been the intimate official companion of the president, but he has caught none of the fire which the President manifested in his message of last January.

"Our platform does not stop with the enforcement of the laws; it demands the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. The Democratic party does not content itself with a definition of the wrong or with a denunciation of it. It proceeds to outline remedies. The first is a law preventing a duplication of directors among competing corporations. The second remedy is one upon which I desire to dwell at some length. We believe it to be a simple, complete and easily enforced remedy. As stated in the platform it is:

"'A license system which will, without abridging the right of each state to create corporations, or its right to regulate as it will foreign corporations doing business within its limits, make it necessary for any engaging or trading corporation engaged in interstate commerce to take out a federal license before it shall be permitted to control as much as twenty-five per cent of the product in which it deals, the license to protect the public from watered stock and to prohibit the control by such corporation of more than fifty per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States.'

Mr. Bryan then spoke at length in urging the legality and efficacy of his party's proposed plan for dealing with the evils of trade combinations and monopolies. He quoted frequently from Mr. Taft's utterances on the trust question in his speech of acceptance, because, as he said, he wanted to "impress upon the minds of those who listen to me the absurdity of the objection which he raises to the democratic plan of exterminating monopolies. He fails to distinguish between the honest business that makes a country prosperous, and the brigandage practiced by private monopolies."

WARNING IS LESS FORMAL

Anti-Election Edict Against Assessments Lacks Usual Rigor

Washington, Aug. 25.—An ante-election against political assessments was yesterday issued to employes of the treasury department by Acting Secretary Beekman Winthrop. The circular promulgates the civil service laws and regulations on the subject and directs that officers of the department controlling the various branches of the service post conspicuously in their respective offices copies of the document "and otherwise to use every appropriate and available means to direct the attention of their subordinates to the provisions thereof." In past years the same sort of a circular has been issued, but it has been more formal than this one.

HAD AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE

Barkentine Spent 290 Days Going Around Horn.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 19.—With a cargo of black powder for the Dupont Powder company, the American barkentine Good News arrived in from Wilmington, Del., after a tedious and eventful passage of 209 days. The vessel had very severe weather off Cape Horn. She struggled forty days to get into the Pacific. However, she was not damaged at that time.

On May 26, when off the latitude of Valparaiso, a sudden squall carried away all the yards and practically all of the sails. For days the crippled vessel was unable to make much progress, while her wornout crew worked to fix up a jury rig.

1909 PROFITABLE YEAR

Prosperity Has Returned and Will Make Large Strides, Is Prediction.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Prosperity has returned to the country and the year 1909 will be a period of profitable business activity.

Such is the opinion expressed in the eighth annual "crop and business report" issued by the Commercial National Bank of Chicago. The report is based upon answers to inquiries made of over 4,000 bankers, business houses and crop authorities in all of the states of the central west, west and south.

While the report does not indicate that the yield of various crops will equal what might have been expected, judged by the ordinary advance of one year over its predecessor, nevertheless the situation is one of great satisfaction, and particularly so with reference to the farmer.

Big Wheat Crop.

According to the report, the government indicated wheat crop will likely be 672,000,000 bushels, against about 634,000,000 of last year. It is pointed out that considering the low world's stock and the depleted reserves in retail hands everywhere, with the inevitable strong export demand, it is reasonable to expect a high level of prices for breadstuffs throughout the crop year.

It is estimated that the corn crop will show a yield of 2,623,000,000 bushels. Reports from important areas show much conflict of opinion, but, according to the report, the best informed men in the merchant grain trade are coming to believe that the 1908 corn total will be little, if any, larger than the crop of 1901 under the best possible conditions.

The price of corn has ruled high in spite of great business depression and reduced consumption during the first half of 1908, and it seems entirely probable that the prices will be fully sustained if not advanced with revival of business activity.

Report on Cotton.

The report opines that the cotton crop will be large—probably 13,000,000 bales. The movement is expected to be of moderate volume. Planters are not expected to repeat their experiment of holding back to force customers to pay an artificial price. Specialists in this staple, according to the report, look for a price ranging between 10 and 10½ cents, against 12 and 12½ cents last year.

The report states further that, although railroad earnings for the first half of 1908 show a decided falling off in comparison with 1907, nevertheless the coming crop movement will help the carriers to make a better showing during the second half of the year. More generous crops would have been better for the railroads in point of tonnage, but the maintenance of the farmer's purchasing power by high prices assures the carriers an increasing tonnage of merchandise freight at high rates.

Reference is made by the report to the strong revival of business and the present safe and encouraging condition of the country after the financial depression of last fall.

Fewer Failures.

"Recent months show a diminishing number of failures," says the report, "and the aggregate liabilities of defaulting firms in June and July were about the same as for the same month in 1907. The banks which were closed under the pressure have in nearly all cases since proved their ability to discharge all obligations to depositors, and in most cases have resumed business.

Industrial establishments and commercial houses are shown to have been doing business on a broader foundation of capital than in any previous time of trial. The farmers are in a wholly independent position, in fact, have been the great steadying factor of the situation.

"The financial situation has already righted itself, and as idle money continues from month to month to accumulate in the centers, and the experiences of last autumn lose their influence, it is certain that the spirit of enterprise will everywhere revive and investments be in demand.

Foreign Purchases.

Foreign purchases of American railway securities have recently been reported on an important scale, and there is encouragement to believe that investors abroad will share with those at home in supplying any funds that our leading companies may desire to raise."

The report expresses the hope that the congressional commission created by the Aldrich-Vreeland currency act will take up the problem confronting it with vigor and dispatch, so that the money system of the country may receive the prompt reformation it is declared to need.

NO WATER; 2,300 JOBLESS

Drought Causes Suspension of More Pennsylvania Mines.

Irwin, Pa., Aug. 21.—The drouth being experienced in this district, which has caused the suspension of many mines, throwing 2,000 men out of employment, shows no sign of abatement, and two other mines, employing over 300 men, were closed yesterday.

The populace is suffering from lack of water. Unless rain falls in a day or so, all the mines in this district, employing thousands of men, will be forced to suspend.

ELEVEN STAGES HELD UP

Robs 125 Passengers and Secures $2,500 Cash and Valuable Papers.

Lake Hotel, Yellowstone Park, Wyo., Aug. 25.—The most daring stage holdup in the west in many years occurred yesterday within the boundaries of the Yellowstone park. The work was done by a lone highwayman and the passengers were absolutely helpless in his hands, as no guns are permitted in the park to either drivers or tourists. From the statement of passengers it is estimated that $2,500 cash was obtained, drafts worth $10,000 and other paper and transportation, besides a rich haul in watches and jewelry.

In all 21 coaches left the upper geyser basin this morning. The highwayman was encountered about five miles further on at a lonely point along the banks of Spring creek, a tributary of the Fire river. The creek is lined with bushes. The first lot of coaches, numbering seven and following each other closely, passed the place unharmed. There was a gap between that and the next lot of eight following.

Held Robber's Sack.

As the first of the eight came along the highwayman stepped from the bushes and ordered the driver to halt. He did not molest any of the drivers. On the first seat sat B. Drew, of Orlando, Fla., and his stepson, H. Gaskin. Mr. Drew, with the gun upon him, was ordered to "hand over," which he did to the extent of $90. Young Gaskin was ordered to dismount and hold the man's sack. This he did, at the point of a gun, along the eight coaches. Every driver was warned not to start his team or he would be shot. In one of the coaches, Forest Stevens, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., gave a nervous laugh which seemed to enrage the bandit and he was ordered to dismount and also to accompany the highwaymen when he got out. He started to go around the rig, but was summarily ordered to come back and got a whack over the head with the barrel of the rifle for his pains.

When the last of the eight coaches was reached the highwayman remarked that he had a good mind to shoot Stevens anyway, and did fire a shot over his head. Then both men were odered back to their rig and the drivers ordered to move on. These eight coaches had scarcely gone when three more came along and these were robed in like manner. In one of these coaches was M. L. Walker, an Oklahoma banker. He had $10,000 drafts in his pocketbook and tried to conceal this under the seat. The robber saw him and ordered him to bring it forward. Mr. Walker asked for his drafts and transportation back, but they were contemptuously thrown into the bushes with the remark that the bandit would have not done so if Walker had not tried to hide his money.

Took Girl's Candy.

The last coach contained five young ladies. The highwayman obtained very little from them, but stopped long enough to appropriate some candy.

In all, about 125 people were held up, but not all of these suffered losses. When he ordered the drivers to move on the bandit stood a few minutes with his gun pointed toward them and then walked down the road. As quickly as posible after a telephone was reached at Thumb Station, word was sent to the soldiers and a detail started after him.

30 FAMILIES HOMELESS

Compelled to Flee From Fire in Night Garments.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Thirty families were made homeless today by a fire which threatened the residence district in the neighborhood of West Van Buren street and Campbell avenue and damaged a three-story apartment building to the extent of $50,000.

Many of the occupants of the building at 1024-34 West Van Buren street where the fire started, were compelled to flee from the flames in their night garments. Mrs. Mary Kuhns, 65 years old, an invalid, was carried down a ladder from her rooms on the second floor of the burning building and others were assisted by the firemen in escaping from the flames.

WALSH LINE IN DISTRESS

Federal Receiver Appointed for the Southern Indiana.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—Federal jurisdiction now extends over the Southern Indiana Railway company through the appointment of a receiver in the United States circuit court for the road, which has long been regarded as the best of what are known as the John R. Walsh railroads.

On a petition presented by counsel for the First Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, the representatives of the Chicago Clearing House association, Judge Christian C. Kohlsaat late last night appointed M. J. Carpenter, formerly president of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway company, receiver of the Southern Indiana Railway company.

Failure to meet the interest on the bonded indebtedness of the road was the proximate cause of the petition for court action.

The receivership, which now covers the Southern Indiana railroad alone, will probably be extended to take in the Chicago Southern Railway company, which was designed to connect the Southern Indiana road with Chicago.

A motion asking for the extension of the receivership has been presented to the federal court and will be heard before Judge Kohlsaat on Saturday.

The Southern Indiana Railway company runs through the southern part of Indiana from Quaker, a point on the boundary line between Illinois and Indiana, to Westport, Ind. At Quaker it connects with the Chicago Southern Railway company, which runs through Illinois to Chicago Heights.

The Southern Indiana road tapped the Bedford, Ind., stone quarries, one of the best paying ventures held by Mr. Walsh.

An unusual feature of the court proceedings was the secrecy employed. The petition on which the receiver was named was taken late at night to Judge Kohlsaat's home and a deputy clerk of the court was summoned to transcribe the order. The silence was to forestall any attempt of antagonistic creditors to begin foreclosure suits which would hamper the adjudication of the whole properties. Not until late in the day when the three actions in the different judicial districts were well under way and the intervening petition of the Chicago Southern road had been filed, was information given of the court's order taking over control of the road.

COLD, BUT TARS JOLLIFY

American Sailors Are Further Entertained at Sydney.

Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 25.—Although it was cold and showery this morning, 400 American officers and men were entertained at an excursion, going in two special trains to the Illawarra district. Lake Illawarra, the beautiful land-locked coastal lake, 50 miles from Sydney, was visited, and the excursionists were given an opportunity to view the delightful rural surroundings and the splendid coal-bearing territory. Another party of 300 was entertained at a public picnic in the great national park, which lies 17 miles from Sydney and contains 36,000 acres, and is noted for its beautiful scenery, typical of Australia.

SCORES KILLED IN MINE

Eighteen Bodies Have Been Recovered From the Pit by Rescuers.

Wigan, Eng., Aug. 19.—An explosion occurred yesterday in the Maypole coal mine, belonging to Messrs. Pearson and Knowles. The head gear and ventilating apparatus of the mine was destroyed and it is now believed that not a single man of the 70 miners who were entombed survived the disaster.

The four men reported rescued yesterday were engaged in an adjoining building. The ventilating fan which was put out of order by the explosion was repaired this morning, and, the mine having been cleared of gases, the rescue party again descended. The sight which met their eyes was horrifying. Not far from the bottom of the shaft 18 bodies were found, all frightfully mutilated. Legs and arms had been blown off and heads battered almost beyond recognition.

The women and children, who remained at the pit head all night, refuse to leave until the bodies of their dead are brought to the surface. Nothing else will convince them of the hopelessness of waiting.

TOLSTOIANS DEFY RUSSIA

Many Cities to Celebrate the Writer's Birthday.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 22.—The preparations for the celebration of Count Tolstoi's eightieth birthday anniversary September 9 are strongly disapproved by the government, and some of the authorities are bringing pressure to bear to prevent the celebration. The governor of Tamboy has sent a circular letter to his subordinates prohibiting the observance of the anniversary, holding that several of the count's books, particularly "My Religion" and "Memoirs of a Soldier" prove him to be an enemy of the church and the government.

Notwithstanding the opposition, however, many cities are going ahead with their celebration plans.

YELLOW PRESS SCORED

John A. Sleicher Calls Upon Editors for Corrective Measures.

St. Paul, Aug. 19.—Addressing the National Editorial association today, John A. Sleicher, editor of Leslie's Weekly, said in part.

It has been said in England that the world is being educated by the half-penny press, and we know that in this country the one-cent newspapers are giving the masses most of their instructions. Teaching is not always education, for everything depends on what is taught. What are we teaching—right or wrong, truth or error, justice or injustice? One of our delusions is that the public has an infallible conscience, and that newspapers that follow public opinion cannot go wrong. Conscience is not infallible. A morbid condition may hide its infirmity behind the guise of conscience and make it the accomplice of guilt. Newspapers are often responsible for creating a vicious public opinion and then running away from its evil consequences, like the boy who fights a fire on top of a haystack and has to fly to save his life.

Claiming to be impartial, nothing is more one-sided than the ordinary newspaper story. The reporter gathers his facts in a hurry from the side that he can most easily reach. If he can reach both sides, he will take the one with the sensational quality. He is not a judge dealing in equities, but only a reporter representing the ravenous appetite of a sensation-seeking public that must be fed—a public that has little time for newspapers that believe in the educational and uplifting. This should be left to the pulpit, and while the yellow press flourishes, the religious press struggles to exist, and the pews of the churches are fast becoming empty.

It is a delusion if you imagine that I am assailing journalism. The press will be what it is until public opinion rests upon a higher plane. The reader buys the newspaper that appeals to him, he prefers one that supports his political views, that flatters his conceits, and that patronizes his prejudices. It may be inaccurate, unfair, and misleading, but that makes no difference to the man who is a partisan in everything.

The press thought it was helping itself when it joined in the assaults of the muck-rackers upon capital, the railways, and industrial combinations. If a few great captains of the railroads, of industry, and finance get more than the rest of us, this is only what happens in all lines of business including our own. It is the royalty paid for genius, foresight, and industry. When the panic came, instantly every railroad and factory was compelled to economize. The first cut was in their advertising. It will startle you to hear that over five million dollars, that under ordinary circumstances would have been appropriated for advertising purposes this year, was necessarily eliminated from consideration by railway and industrial corporations after the panic. For how much of this are we responsible?

OHIO MEN SUE HASKELL

The Baileys, of Ottawa, Seek $9,000 Attorneys' Fees.

Guthrie, Okla., Aug. 19.—Suit for $9,900 attorneys' fees was filed yesterday before the federal court of the western Oklahoma district by John P. and Daniel A. Bailey, attorneys of Ottawa, O., against Governor Haskell, treasurer of the Democratic national committee. The plaintiffs represented the governor in former Ohio law suits. The service rendered covers ten years.

Omer K. Benedict, editor and owner of the Oklahoma City Times, was yesterday informed by the sheriff that Governor Haskell had sworn out another warrant for his arrest on a charge of criminal libel. Editor Benedict voluntarily came here and gave bond.

The alleged libel was contained in an editorial of Monday charging Governor Haskell with association in the Oklahoma Central railway receivership.

Editor Benedict was arrested Monday on a similar charge and released on bond.

TRY TO HAUL DOWN FLAG

Aruba Islanders Make Demonstration Before Consul.

Willemstad, Curacao, Aug. 20.—The Dutch island of Aruba has furnished the latest incident in the difficulty between the Netherlands and Venezula. Five days ago a Venezuelan coast guard vessel arrived at Aruba to take away the Venezuelan consul. As soon as the purpose of the visit became known the people of the island started a demonstration. They crowded around the residence of the consul and wanted to haul down his flag. The governor of the island, however, put an end to the disorder. The consul refused to leave his post, saying that illness made his going impossible, so the coast guard vessel sailed away.

TO AID WAR ON CASTRO

Rebellion That Will Be Some Rebellion Is Planned in Venezuela.

WARS AND RUMORS HEARD IN 1908.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars."—Matthew, 24:6.

Turkey—Rises against sultan.
Persia—Menaces shah.
Morocco—Makes sultan captive.
Venezuela—Threatens president.
Holland—Warns Venezuela.
Honduras—Defies powers.
Mexico—Sends ship to Honduras.
Colombia—Aids Venezuelan rebellion.
United States—Waves big stick.

Washington, Aug. 25.—With the full sanction of Secreary Root and the state department and with promise of effective assistance from Holland, a well organized, sweeping revolution is being planned to overthrow President Castro, of Venezuela. This knowledge comes on unquestionable authority, according to news despatches sent out by Washington correspondents of several eastern papers.

The revolutionary movement, now being financed in New York and elsewhere, will become operative directly after the rainy season in Venezuela, the middle of October. Within a few months it is expected that a new Venezuelan ruler will replace President Castro, an object which the state department, Holland, Colombia and the Venezuelan malcontents have every confidence of accomplishing.

Financial backing is not lacking, as money is pouring in from New York city, as well as from other sources.

The leader in the plan has been busily engaged in mapping out his campaign for weeks. His first step was to consult the state department and he learned from both Secretary Root and Mr. Bacon that while the United States government could not support a revolutionary movement, at the same time conditions in Venezuela were such that no interference by the United States need be anticipated.

Holland has been informed of the move and will aid by blockading Venezuelan ports while the land attack begins along the Arauca river on the Colombia border.

Colombia will help by providing men who are as anxious to overthrow Castro as some of the Venezuelans themselves.

Will Accentuate Misery.

Port of Spain, Aug. 25.—News has been received here that President Castro has instructed the collectors of customs in Venezuelan ports not to clear any passengers for the West Indian Islands. The Venezuelan consul here has been instructed to withhold passports from persons desirous of taking passage on the steamers to Venezuela. This action has caused great indignation and is a serious blow to the inhabitants of the Parian ports and Ciudad Bolivar, and will add considerably to the misery already existing there.

Fears Venezuelan Cliffs.

London, Aug. 25.—The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, at The Hague says that after discussing the Venezuelan affair with diplomats there he has arrived at the conclusion that there can be no question of war, such as advocated by those who are calling upon the Dutch government to take forcible action, because, says the correspondent, "in the first place, Venezuela has no navy worth mentioning and in the second place, apart from the fact that the Monroe doctrine would prevent the Dutch from landing, the Dutch warships could do nothing against Venezuela's steep cliffs, and that portion of the Dutch army destined for service in the colonies is far too small to affect anything."

Join to Scare Honduras.

City of Mexico, Aug. 25.—The Mexican gunboat Bravo, which left Vera Cruz three days ago under sealed orders, is proceeding to a Honduran port where she will join the United States gunboat Marietta in a demonstration against the republic. Just what developments have occurred in the Central American situation to make this joint demonstration on the part of Mexico and the United States necessary cannot be learned at this time. Those well informed on Central American affairs declare that information has reached this capital and Washington which has determined the two governments to be prepared to take action.

Guards Against Uprising.

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 25.—The Mexican government is taking every possible step to guard against a recurrence of the border trouble on Sept. 15, the anniversary of the independence of Mexico. Troops are being distributed all along the border and in sections remote from the larger cities.

RICH WOMAN KILLS SELF

Eats Strychnine Which Was Prescribed as Medicine.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 21.—Mrs. N. Snellenburg, wife of a millianaire department store proprietor of Philadelphia, committed suicide Tuesday last at the Oaks Home in this city by eating strychnine tablets which had been prescribed for her as medicine. Mrs. Snellenburg was afflicted with consumption and it is believed this affliction produced melancholia. The fact of her suicide did not become public until last night.

STRIKERS ATTACK A TRAIN

Break Car Windows and Injure Two Men.

Montreal, Aug. 25.—A crowd of 200 strikers atacked a train of seven cars of strikebreakers returning from work at the Angus shops last evening, breaking every window and injuring two men. The police arrived too late to make arrests.

TRIED TO LYNCH NEGRO

Mob Attempted to Take Man From Police.

Lynn, Mass, Aug. 21.—A mob of 1,500 people, with shouts of "Lynch him, lynch him," tried to take away Henry Tyler, a negro, 30, from a reserve officer last night and severely pounded the colored man when seven police officers succeeded in getting the prisoner to the station house before he was seriously hurt. Tyler, who was but recently released from state prison, was detected tonight, it is alleged, in the act of breaking into a store. Officer Crawley, who attempted to arrest Tyler, was struck over the head with heavy chisel and, although dazed, grappled with the negro.

Tyler broke away and ran down the street with Crawley in pursuit and discharging his revolver for assistance. The officer, although bleeding from his wound, succeeded in capturing the negro. The crowd which collected attacked Tyler and it was some time before the police could get him to the station.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 22.—Bradstreet's says: While conservatism still rules in purchasing, the number of buyers in leading northern and western centers is large, and there is a distinct gain in the jobbing distribution of fall and winter dry goods, shoes, clothing, hats and millinery. Optimism as to the future is noted, and the practical completion of the small grain harvests, especially of spring wheat, and the advance of the corn crop toward maturity, have made for an accentuation of the more confident feeling.

Among the leading industries the most notable feature is the general expansion in inquiry for lumber, with prices showing a distinct hardening and preparations making for the resumption of operations at mills in the south, the northwest and on the Pacific coast.

Southern markets are slower to feel the impetus of prospective good crop yields. Collections show signs of improvement, especially where the early crop movement has begun, but there are a number of reports of lagging settlements, and payments as a whole are not yet up to normal. Eastern shoe manufacturers are turning out more shoes than a few weeks ago, but shipments are still behind last year by 25 per cent for the week and 31 per cent for the season.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended August 20 number 236, against 249 last week, 153 in the like week of 1907, 155 in 1906, 178 in 1905, and 168 in 1904. Canadian failures for the same period number 39, which compares with 31 last week and 19 in the corresponding week of 1907.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 25.—Higher cables were responsible for a stronger feeling in wheat today at the outset. Other features, including heavy northwest receipts, were inclined to the bear side. Liverpool opened 3-20c higher and at 1:30 p. m. was quoted 9-20c to 3-5c higher. At Chicago, leading buyers were the Bartlett-Patten crowd and Logan and Bryan. Although mixed, weather reports indicated generally warmer temperatures throughout the grain producing areas. At the outset, cash opened ⅛c higher at 94⅝c, gaining ⅜c later in the morning. September gained the same amounts at the opening and in the first half hour, the option selling at 95c at 10 a. m. December started unchanged at 96⅛c and gained ¼c before the noon hour. May opened ⅛c higher at 1.00¼, advanced to $1.00⅝ in the first hour.

Rains in sections of the northwest where harvesting is on caused a firm market and higher prices near the close. There was a big increase in Bradstreet's world's available supply estimate. All options closed ½c higher. Toledo cash wheat closed ½c higher at 94¾c, September ½c up at 95c, December ½c up at 96⅝c and May ½c up at 1.00⅝. Liverpool closed ½d up. Southwest receipts were somewhat lighter.

An easier feeling in corn due to heavy receipts soon gave way to a firmer tone when shorts covered. Liverpool opened 3-20c higher. September at the opening was unchanged at 50c, but gained ½c in the initial hour. December opened unchanged at 65⅛c, gaining ⅛c before the end of the first hour. There was no change in May at 64¾c, the opening, but early in the day a gain of ⅛c was reported.

At the end of the day corn prices were from ⅛c to 1c higher. Corn closes were; Cash, 81c; September, 81c; May, 65⅞c; December, 64⅞c. Liverpool closed ½d higher.

Oats was up about ⅛c all around. With the exception of May, which opened ⅛c higher and gained a similar amount by advancing to 51⅛c in the first hour, the options were steady during the morning hours. September opened at 49½c and December at the same price.

Oats closed as follows: Cash, 50c; September, 49⅝c; May, 51¼c; December, 49⅝c.

Clover seed advanced 2½c. Trading indicates that the slump, terminating in a six dollar level, has been checked, at least for a time. October was quoted at $6.05, December at $6.07½ and March at $6.17½.

Covering by shorts and buying by longs caused a big bulge in clover seed. October clover seed closed 32½c higher at $6.35; December, 32½c up at $6.37½, and March 35c higher, at $6.50.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Aug. 25	Close—Aug. 24.
Wheat—					
Cash	94⅝	95	....	94¾	94¼
Sept.	94⅝	95¼	....	95	94½
Dec.	96⅛	96⅞	....	96⅝	96⅛
May	1.00¼	1.00⅝	....	1.00⅝	1.00⅜
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	81	80
Sept.	80	....	....	81	80
Dec.	65¼	....	....	65⅞	65⅛
May	64¼	....	....	64⅞	64¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50	49⅜
Sept	49½	....	....	49⅝	49⅜
Dec	49½	....	....	49⅝	49⅜
May	51	....	....	51¼	50⅞
Clover Seed—					
Oct.	6.05	6.42½	6.35	6.02½	
Dec.	6.67½	6.45	6.37½	6.05	
March	6.87½	6.52½	6.50	6.15	
Prime Timothy—			1.75	....	
No. 1	....	....	76½	....	
No. 2	....	....	76½	....	
No. 3	....	....	73½	....	
Alsike	....	....	8.60	....	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	93¾	94	93½	93½	93
Dec. (new)	94½	94⅞	94½	94½	93⅞
May	98⅛	....	....	98⅜	98
Corn—					
Sept.	76¼	....	....	77⅛	76½
Dec.	65⅛	66⅛	65	66	65⅜
May	63¾	....	....	64½	63⅞
July	64½	....	64⅛	64¾	....
Oats—					
Sept.	48⅛	48⅞	....	48⅜	48⅝
Dec.	48⅛	49	....	48⅜	48⅛
May	50⅜	50⅞	....	50⅜	50⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.01¼	1.01⅝	....	1.01⅜	1.01
Dec.	1.02⅜	1.03	....	1.02⅝	1.02⅛
Corn—					
Sept.	86¾	....	....	86¾	86¾
Dec.	86¼	....	....	76⅝	76¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	93½	94¼	....	94⅛	93⅝
Dec.	94⅝	....	....	94¾	94⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	14.27	14.42	14.30	14.35	14.17
Oct	14.40	14.52	14.37	14.45	14.30
Jan	15.65	15.65	15.37	15.70	15.55
Lard—					
Sept	9.17	9.30	....	9.27	9.12
Oct	9.27	9.42	....	9.37	9.22
Jan	9.12	9.25	....	9.20	9.05
Ribs—					
Sept	8.67	8.75	....	8.70	8.60
Oct	8.75	8.82	....	8.80	8.67
Jan	8.22	8.25	....	8.20	8.10

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Aug. 25.—Poor quality and unfavorable advices from other markets caused a dull, slow market for hogs. All points show a wide range in prices between prime quality and grassers. It is hardly possible to show the conditions in print. The large markets report almost as many stale hogs on sale each day as fresh receipts. This makes a bad condition of trade and shows the heavy tone to the market. No choice offerings were on sale today. Those that shaped up reasonably well sold slow at a 5c decline, and it was noon before a clearance was finally effected.

Cattle were slow and weak, sheep and lambs strong, and veals higher, the choice selling at $7.50@8.00; fair to good, at $6.50@7.25, and common, $4.00@6.00.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.75@6.80; mediums, $6.75@6.80; Yorkers, $6.65@6.75; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.50@6.25; good pigs, $5.00@5.50; stags and roughs, $5.50@6.40; mixed, $6.50@6.70; bulk of sales, $6.70@6.75.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@6.50; fair to medium, $4.50@6.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.25@5.00; ewes, $3.00@3.50; wethers, $3.75@4.25; mixed sheep, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.25@3.00; spring lambs, $4.00@5.50.

Calves—Prime veals, $8.75@7.25; fair to good, $6.00@6.50; common, $4.00@5.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, about 7,000; market for best steady, others weak; beeves, $3.65@7.70; Texans, $3.50@5.00; westerners, $3.30@5.90; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.60; cows and heifers, $1.75@5.80; calves, $5.25@7.00. Hogs—Receipts, about 9,000; market steady to a shade lower; light, $6.00@6.65; mixed, $6.00@6.80; heavy, $5.90@6.85; rough, $5.90@6.20; good to choice heavy, $6.20@6.85; pigs, $3.75@5.70; bulks of sales, $6.25@6.45. Sheep—Receipts, about 25,000; market 10c lower; native, $2.15@4.20; western, $2.50@4.20; yearlings, $4.15@4.90; lambs, $3.50@5.90; western, $3.50@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 25.—(By Swope Bros. & Hughes.)—Cattle—Receipts three cars; market steady. Hogs—Receipts 20 cars; market steady; heavy, $7.10; yorkers, $6.75@7.00; pigs, $5.65. Sheep—Receipts three cars; market steady; best lambs, $6.60; yearlings, $5.00@5.25; wethers, $4.25@4.75; ewes, $4.00@5.2. Calves, $4.00@9.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 25.—(By Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs—Receipts, eight cars; heavies, $6.95@7.05; mediums, $6.95; heavy yorkers, $6.80@6.90; light yorkers, $6@6.65; pigs, $5.25@5.50. Sheep, $3.25@4.40; yearlings, $3@4.50; lambs, $4@6. Calves, $6@8.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 25.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars; market steady; mediums and yorkers, $6.75@6.80; lights, $6@6.50; pigs, $5@5